# The Living Age

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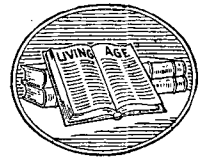


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# THE FUTURE IN GERMANY

BY PRINCE LICHNOWSKY

THE guiding lines of future German foreign policy are most clearly revealed by holding distinctly in our vision the errors which burdened our former foreign policies and brought about the present catastrophe. Although the final results of the war cannot yet be fully seen, we are already in a position to say that in the future we must follow approximately the opposite policy to the one we followed before, and that we shall adopt that policy under far less promising conditions than would have existed had we espoused it earlier. At that time, we were the leading military and commercial power of the continent and all other political governments desired to live in harmony and good relations with us. Everywhere statesmen were willing to make us extensive concessions, if they might thus inspire us to relinquish our policy of tests of strength, humiliating our neighbors, threatening them, and challenging them. Now we have no power whatever which other governments need to take into consideration. Nations that desired to be our friends have been converted into enemies, and nations that never will love us have been made politically independent by the war. But let us assume, none the less, that a nation of the cultural and material importance of the German nation with 70,000,000 or, if we include German Austria, possibly 80,000,000 people, although it be weakened and set back for decades, cannot be permanently dismissed from consideration in the world's affairs and that the general foreign policy of the civilized nations will have to take into account the German government later as it will have to take into account also the Russian government.

Russia has suffered immeasurably more than we have by the war, but it would be a mistake to suppose that Russia could be disregarded as a political and economic factor in the future. Its fragments will probably unite on some new federal democratic basis after Bolshevism has been swept aside. The Russian people, in spite of all fair theories of self-determination and international leagues, will extend its influence in Asia, acquire new territories, and remain for all time a great power with a semi-Asiatic complexion. Has not the American union accomplished the same thing with the



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Indians, French, Spaniards, negroes, and even such Russians as were in Alaska? Has it not developed from a primitive agricultural settlement to the leading capitalist power of the world? Have not the Anglo-Saxon colonists continued to press farther and farther toward the west and south and carried the starry banner with them? Has not the Union laid its hands upon the Philippines, Honolulu, Cuba, and Hayti? What reason have we to suppose that a republican Russia will not do the same in Persia, Central Asia, and Mongolia, countries where the Russian settler and trader with a few soldiers at their back meet but weak resistance?

World policy will have to reckon with us in the future as it will with Russia, although we may not be able to make the same impression and to inspire the same respect that we did between 1871 and 1914, and although we have been deprived of every chance of floating our flag over foreign territories. We need not anticipate a permanent political and economic boycott, because such a measure presupposes the complete unanimity of all other countries, and it is a matter of experience that such unanimity never survives the common enemy that creates it. Hatred and indignation alone will not be sufficient to inspire such a policy for all time to come, no matter how powerful these sentiments may momentarily be in the hearts of all our enemies. Gradually other considerations and feelings will press to the front and will destroy the unity of our opponents, which is cemented solely by common dangers and threats. By a policy, the inherited burdens of which will never cease to be a source of complaint, promoted by a regular succession of imbecile or pathological officials and by a vicious method of conducting business only comparable with that of the princely houses themselves, we succeeded in creating a situation where all the other great powers buried their differences and united to defend themselves against us. They formed a coöperative organization for mutual insurance against our aggression and they gradually extended it to cover the whole face of the earth, after our last test of strength miscarried and brought the world war on our heads.

Our defeat has removed the former danger. A new peril is facing mankind to-day, but it is Bolshevism rather than militarism. Even the new holy alliance will find its bonds loosening as time goes on, although we may have to reckon with it under the American honorary president and the English president. Men and nations will find it as impossible to support life on abstract theories and maxims as it is to do so on hate and lust. The League of Nations is no more likely to inaugurate an entirely new system of international relations than is social democracy likely to inaugurate an entirely new system of social and economic relations. The outcome of the war will ultimately mean nothing more in either of these two directions than an acceleration of normal processes of development, a lurch forward toward a goal for which the world has long been headed, and that is the goal of democracy.

The central organ of the League of Nations is a compulsory tribunal, whatever form it may assume, to settle international controversies. All the states participating will obligate themselves to submit their disputes to the judgment of an international court instead of a decision of arms. The League of Nations is a world Entente. It is a transformation of the previous military alliance into a protective alliance, with which we may be incor-

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porated, but which will be primarily for the purpose of preventing our starting something new. For only a political child will fail to see that the League of Nations is not designed to protect the world from American, English, French, or Italian aggression, but merely from German aggression.

For instance, will the United States, supposing the life and property of North American citizens in some Spanish-American country, or the interests of great business corporations in that country are imperiled by anarchy or revolution, renounce its right in case of necessity to remedy matters with its army or fleet, out of mere respect for the League of Nations? Will England, supposing British interests are imperiled in Persia, Afghanistan, or Thibet, refrain from intervening and address itself to the League of Nations? Will it call in its international arbitration court to settle a revolt in Egypt, India, or South Africa? But are not Indians, Arabians, Kaffirs, and Boers human beings, and by the law of nations with equal rights? Are the English and Americans proposing to do away with their navies and disarm? They have nothing of the sort in mind. They regard themselves rather as the strong arms of the League of Nations, the world Entente, called by destiny to maintain law and order in the world, the effective guarantors, by their own strength, of the peace organization. The world war has resulted just as I foresaw and predicted, in a hegemony, a world domination of the Anglo-Saxons. We should recognize this fact, even though at present it is in the guise of a League of Nations. Its shepherd's song is 'Rule Britannia.' If we do not submit to the decisions of its Areopagus, then we have a new world war. All the rest is mere idealistic twaddle.

Nevertheless, England needs us as a counterpoise to France and Russia. It needs us as a customer for its merchandise. Before the war, we were the best patrons that British business had. The principal cause of mutual distrust was our navy, which drove England into the arms of France and Russia. That is done away with. Our colonies are lost. Our foreign trade is annihilated. If we were on the point of a full agreement with England before the war, in spite of our fleet, our colonies, and our commercial rivalries, what reason have we to suppose now that our fleet, our colonies, and our commercial rivalries have practically disappeared forever, the hatred of the people across the Channel will survive indefinitely? We must be aware, however, that it will take some time before the old attitude of mind toward us revives. The reëstablishment of good relations will be assisted by the fact that further threat on our part against France or Belgium is exceedingly improbable in the future, and England, consequently, has nothing more to fear at this sensitive point. But an all-powerful Spain, France, or Russia would be as unendurable to England as German mastery on the continent. This principle has guided all England's traditional colonial policies, its war against Philip II, Louis XVI and XV, the French Republic, Napoleon I, and Nicholas I.

The other political factor which we must take into account is, as I have already said, Russia, assuming that it reassembles itself into a federal government. Bismarck's principle, 'Back to back with Russia,' was very apt. Unfortunately, he disregarded it from the time of the Berlin Congress. This error of policy persisted and developed as time went on. In 1890, he was swinging back toward Russia. He never took the Triple Alliance as seriously as some. It was rather one of

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his caprices — an evil caprice of a giant. Bismarck wanted to checkmate Gortschokof more than he did Russia. Our estrangement from Russia was the cardinal failure of this era. During the period immediately preceding the war — that epoch of diplomatic brainlessness — this error, rather than our neglect of England, precipitated the world catastrophe. A return to Russia is, therefore, one of the main tasks of our future foreign policy.

This should be a cordial understanding rather than an alliance. Every alliance, even a defensive one, assumes some common enemy. It is directed against a third power. This attitude of opposition invariably extends to things which were not originally the purpose of the alliance. Any alliance with Russia would mean an agreement directed against England.

It is a widely entertained error that cordial relations with Russia would necessarily mean hostility to England and that we are compelled in a way to choose between Russia and England. Quite the reverse. An agreement between England and Germany will be facilitated by good relations with Russia, if we try to disburden Russia of its difficulties, instead of endeavoring to mislead as we did before, and if that country has a free hand in Asia and the Orient. It is true that the recent friendship between Russia and England was our work. It was the result of a common irritation of those countries with us. The Russian-French alliance was equally a consequence of the Berlin congress and the renewal of the Triple Alliance after denouncing the reinsurance treaty.

We must bear in mind, however, that it will not be as easy to reëstablish good relations with the Russia of to-day as it would have been with the Russia of the Tsars, which was constantly appealing to us: 'Give up Austria and we will give up France.' We have succeeded in making ourselves thoroughly hated in that country also, and, therefore, shall have to permit the Entente to take bourgeois Russia under its protection. Charles Rivet, for many years representative of *Temps* in Petrograd, concludes his interesting book, *Le Dernier Romanof*, with this remark: 'May we have succeeded in this book in giving at least a glimpse of the Russia that was and has disappeared forever, in order to make it obvious that the adversaries of Germany are going to gain by the fall of the last Romanof.' When Russia was profoundly excited in consequence of the foolish mission of Liman von Saunders, and the French press was actively pouring oil upon the fire, Mr. Sazonoff said to me: 'Whatever you may do, sir, you will not embroil us with Germany.' Mr. Rivet adds, 'But it was precisely Germany that took it upon herself in 1914 to do what the excellent Mr. Sazonoff thought could not be done.'

We have nothing to fear from Russia and never have had. The so-called Pan-Slavism and the Moscow imperialism were directed against Austria-Hungary, Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, China, and Japan, and not against us, except so far as we threw ourselves in front of Austria-Hungary and Turkey. On the contrary, the political situation affords a sure basis for agreement and friendship between ourselves and Russia. The Polish question, which we ourselves brought into the world by erecting a buffer State between ourselves and an entirely imaginary Russian threat, thinking that thereby we would insure the gratitude of the Poles, undoubtedly presents one of the very difficult, if not the most difficult problem which our future foreign policy faces. It cannot be solved on sentimental grounds as so many are inclined to

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demand, but merely on a rational and practical basis. If Poland is not incorporated in the new Russia as a federal State—a result that would consult the interest of everybody, including the Poles themselves, since Poland cannot prosper if it is cut off from Russia by a tariff barrier — there is no way of insuring good relations between ourselves and the Poles. It would be a fatal thing to exchange the German, mostly passive, Alpine lands for our Eastern Marches with their mixed population. Shall we permit the Poles to extend their territories to the borders of Berlin, and shall we sacrifice Danzig and Königsberg and Upper Silesia, a country that has not belonged to Poland since 1163, shall we give up the coal mines and the great manufactures and the agriculture of these territories for the sake of protecting German civilization on the Etech, the Drau, the Leigh, and the Tajja?

We shall soon be able to adjust matters with Japan, since after losing Kiauchau, no conflict of interests exists between ourselves and that country, and no one is urging us to pull chestnuts out of the fire for other people. After our political and economic expulsion from Eastern Asia, the conflict of interest between Japan and the United States, and even its ally, England, will result in profit for ourselves.

These are, broadly speaking, the guiding lines for our future policy, so far as we may be in a position to have any independent foreign policy whatever. No vital differences separate us from Russia, England, North America, and Japan. Whatever the terms of peace may be, our relations in the future will remain primarily with these governments. On the other hand, our conflict of interests with Poland, if it remains an independent country, are certain to endure. If we take over the inheritance of German-Austria, we thereby borrow trouble with the Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, and South Slavs. The Poles and Czechs will always be welcome allies of France, who is our unreconcilable opponent.

It is not necessary to add that the German people will never rest contented with the loss of German Alsace, which France has now torn away from us a second time by force of arms. We must, however, admit that it is our own fault, since we tolerated a policy that estranged the people of Alsace from Germany and denied that country the rights of a federal State and for years preached the theory of a glad, joyous war. Eternal peace! The city of God! They are a fair dream. We might have attained it with broad colonial domains and unchecked economic developments, for everything that could be obtained by war was already ours. All that we needed was to give up our foolish policy of alliances and expansion in Eastern Asia while fully protecting our own interests, and to stop our exaggerated navy programme and to cease forever threatening France. Then we might have had perpetual peace and gradual disarmament. But our so-called statesmen could not see this. They persisted along the road of folly. Are we to have a permanent peace? Yes, if our territories are left intact and impossible conditions are not imposed upon us. Oppression produces counter-pressure and, ultimately, explosions.

Wars always have been and always will be justified solely as a means to an end. A war that has no justifiable purpose is a crime against all mankind, as well as one's own people. It is possible that we are approaching a stage of civilization when there will be only one household of mankind. If so, who will be the head of the house?



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# GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

## THEIR RELATIONS UNDER THE EMPIRE, THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT, AND THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY GEORGE W. BUCHANAN

When I entered the Diplomatic Service, forty-three years ago, I, like the majority of our countrymen, regarded Russia as the traditional enemy of Great Britain, for the Crimean War, in which, as the late Lord Salisbury once said, we had put our money on the wrong horse, had left behind it a legacy of mutual enmity and suspicion. I have since become an ardent advocate of Russo-British friendship, and if we study the history of the three centuries which preceded that war, we shall see that friendship with Russia was the rule rather than the exception.

The seed of that friendship was sown in the sixteenth century, when Richard Chancellor, in his adventurous voyage of discovery of a northern passage to the East, landed at Archangel and obtained from the Tsar, Ivan the Terrible, at Moscow, a charter for the Russian company that established regular commercial intercourse between England and Russia. Ivan, indeed, was so taken with the idea of close coöperation with England that he even aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth. At the end of the next century we find Peter the Great studying shipbuilding at Deptford, and not only seeking counsel from King William III on political matters, but taking into his service, as expert advisers on military and naval questions, two Scotsmen — Patrick Gordon and Admiral Bruce. Under Catherine the Great our relations with Russia were, as a rule, friendly and normal, though Pitt was at one time so alarmed by her victories over the Turks that he seriously thought of dispatching a fleet to Turkey's assistance. It was, however, during the reign of Alexander I that the two countries were really drawn together, and during the Napoleonic Wars they were, except for the five years which followed the Treaty of Tilsit, not only friends but brothers-in-arms. Both Alexander and George III spoke of this alliance as founded on a community of interests that should render it inviolable, while the latter in conversation with Count Vorontzov, the Russian Ambassador in London, declared that every good Englishman must be a good Russian, and every good Russian a good Englishman. After Alexander's death the two countries gradually drifted apart owing to a supposed antagonism of interests which, as Count Nesselrode wrote at the time, existed rather in the imagination than in reality. The Crimean War caused a breach between them which it took fifty years to bridge over, but in 1907 an agreement was signed at St. Petersburg that constituted the first step toward a Russo-British understanding.

That agreement, however, restricted as it was to maintaining Persia's



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integrity and independence, and to delimiting the respective spheres of influence of Great Britain and Russia in that country, did not remove all causes of friction between the two governments, as they frequently disagreed as regarded the mode of its application. Persia, indeed, still remained the apple of discord between them, whereas, in Europe, about which there was no written agreement, their interests were more or less identical and collaboration was easier. The whole history of the Balkan Wars of 1912 to 1913 was to prove this; for it was mainly thanks to the loyal collaboration of Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, and of M. Sazonoff that the Great Powers were not drawn into the conflict. M. Sazonoff, however, contended that, owing to the lack of solidarity in the ranks of the Triple Entente, Germany had been able to exploit the situation to her own advantage, and that she would continue to do so until it was brought home to her that, in the event of war, she would have to face the combined forces of France, Great Britain, and Russia. He, therefore, advocated the conversion of the Triple Entente into a defensive alliance as a preventive measure. Immediately after the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum at Belgrade, he employed the same argument, and urged H.M. Government to declare at once their complete solidarity with France and Russia as the only hope of averting war. This, as I told him, H.M. Government could not do; and even had they done so, it would have made no difference. It was too late. Germany was so determined on war that I know as a fact that on the day on which she delivered her final ultimatum at St. Petersburg a high official at the German Foreign Office told a representative of a neutral power that the only thing which his government feared was its acceptance by Russia.

When I first arrived at St. Petersburg at the end of 1910, Russia and Great Britain were newly made friends over whom still hung the shadow of past differences and misunderstandings. Our entrance into the war converted a loosely worded agreement into an alliance which the blood shed in a common cause should have cemented for all time. The victories of the Russian armies in the first months of the war gained our unstinted admiration and created, so to say, a 'boom' in all things Russian. Russia, with her inexhaustible man-power and her vast natural resources, was indeed an invaluable ally at a moment when the forces of the Allies in the West were being pressed back almost to the gates of Paris; but the weak points in her armor were soon to be disclosed. She had entered the war heavily handicapped. All power was vested in an incompetent government that could neither conduct the war with efficiency nor organize the country's vast natural resources. Her factories and transport services were deficient, and could neither furnish nor distribute the supplies required by the army and the civil population, while she was cut off from the outside world save during a few months of the year. The government relied almost entirely on Russia's man-power, and it was only by a reckless sacrifice of life that she won her early victories. Soon, owing to the shortage of shells, rifles, and munitions, the army was left almost defenseless before the enemy, and many of the troops had to fight with sticks and stones. As disaster succeeded disaster in the field, the enthusiasm with which the nation had responded to the Emperor's call to arms gradually cooled, while German agents tried to sow dissensions between

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the Allies by accusing us of having pushed Russia into the war and of leaving her to bear the brunt of it. Though I had frequently to reply to such attacks and to explain the part which the British Army and Navy were playing, the anti-British feeling which they aroused was centred to a great extent in Petrograd. During a journey which I made to the Crimea early in 1916, I everywhere received convincing proofs of the warm sympathy felt there for our country, while my visit to Moscow on Empire Day of the same year was made the occasion of a great demonstration of friendship for Great Britain. In conferring on me the freedom of the city — an honor bestowed on only eight Russians and one American before me — and in making me an honorary member of the university, the town of Moscow — where, as it is commonly said, the heart of Russia throbs and beats — proclaimed with no uncertain voice the warmth of Russia's feelings for us. It was, therefore, but natural that I should regard the welcome given me as pledge of lasting mutual friendship. I was, however, too sanguine in my forecasts, for it constituted rather the high-water mark of that friendship, and the tide was soon to flow in another direction.

The appalling losses suffered by the army, and the privations which the scarcity of all the first necessaries of life were inflicting on the civil population, had entirely discredited the government in the eyes of the people, who desired to see the conduct of the war entrusted to men who enjoyed their confidence. On taking over the command of the army after the fall of Warsaw, the Emperor had gone so far in the way of meeting these wishes as to replace a few of his reactionary Ministers by more liberal-minded men, while he had further aroused hopes for the future by personally attending the opening sitting of the Duma for the first time in the history of that chamber. These hopes, however, were stillborn. As the military situation, which had been so critical in the preceding year, improved, the reactionaries once more gained the ascendant, and one after another of the new Ministers was sacrificed. The position of Sazonoff, the Foreign Minister, who had been throughout one of the pillars of our alliance, and an advocate of a more liberal policy, still seemed secure, as he had but recently, thanks to the Emperor's support, scored a striking success over his reactionary colleagues on the Polish question. One evening late in July, I was surprised by the visit of a high Russian official who had come to tell me that, unless immediate action was taken, Sazonoff would be dismissed, and replaced by Stürmer. So alarmed was I at this prospect that I took the unprecedented course of telegraphing direct to the Emperor at Headquarters, beseeching His Majesty not to add to the difficulties with which the Allies were confronted in so many quarters, by removing a Minister who had rendered them such signal services in the past, and who possessed their entire confidence. Unfortunately, as subsequent events were to prove, more powerful influences than mine prevailed, and the Emperor declined to reconsider his decision.

A reactionary with pro-German sympathies, bent solely on his own advancement, Stürmer had never viewed with favor the idea of an alliance with the democratic governments of the West, for fear that it might serve as a channel through which liberal ideas might penetrate into Russia. He at once took advantage of the fact that the Emperor, since he had committed the fatal mistake of

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taking over the command of the army, was too absorbed by military matters to give his attention to the proper government of his country, and, by treating the Empress as if she were Regent, Stürmer was able through her influence to direct the course of Russian policy. That policy was in some six months' time to lead Russia to revolution, though Stürmer himself had fallen before the revolution actually took place. As one reactionary Minister followed another public resentment found expression in the most outspoken speeches; and in all parts of the Empire voices were raised in condemnation of the dark forces behind the throne which were ruling and ruining Russia. Rasputin's assassination, which was the outcome of this popular resentment, did but render the Emperor more obdurate, while Protopopoff, on whose shoulders Stürmer's mantle had fallen, adopted a policy of wanton provocation which fanned the flame of disaffection and revolt that was smouldering underground. It must, however, be clearly understood that the leaders of the Duma, who had been combating the occult forces of reaction, did not organize the revolution. It was to secure a more efficient conduct of the war that they were persistent in their demands for a government that enjoyed the nation's confidence, but it had never been their intention to provoke an explosion which might, on the contrary, seriously compromise its success. The revolution, as a matter of fact, was not the work of any secret political society, nor was it carried out on any carefully-thought-out plan. It was the spontaneous act of a people worn out by sufferings and privations, whose patience and powers of endurance were at last exhausted. It began with the looting of a few bakers' shops and ended with the mutiny of one after another of the regiments of the Petrograd garrison. The Emperor was kept in ignorance by those in his entourage of the gravity of the situation, and instead of at once coming to Petrograd and making concessions to his people, he sent troops to repress the mutiny, and, by so doing, he lost his throne.

I have been accused by the Germans of having played an active part in the revolution, and, though I have more than once contradicted this ridiculous story, a new version of it has recently been circulated by some of the Russian *émigrés* in Scandinavia to the effect that, acting under instructions from my government, I gave the revolutionary party my moral and financial support with the express purpose of leading Russia to perdition. No sane person is likely to credit such an infamous lie, which brands its authors as German propagandists; and all true Russians who know my warm feelings for their country will believe me when I say that, even had my government ever contemplated so suicidal a policy, I would have resigned sooner than carry it out.

So far from having promoted the revolution I had persistently tried to prevent it by urging the Emperor to steer a more liberal course. I did so in the interests of the Emperor himself, for whom as a true friend and loyal ally of this country I had a sincere and respectful affection; I did so in the interests of the Allies, to whom it was of vital importance to keep Russia in the war; and I did so in the interests of Russia herself, who with some 75 per cent of her population illiterate, was not ripe for such a sudden change, and for whom the safest course was to advance step by step toward Parliamentary government by a process of gradual evolution.

In January, 1917, I made a supreme

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effort to persuade the Emperor of his danger. I told him how German agents were using those in his immediate entourage as their unconscious tools to induce him to pursue a reactionary policy. I implored him to dismiss Protopopoff and to regain the confidence of his people by selecting a Prime Minister whom they trusted. I had, I added, come to warn him, just as I should warn a friend whom I saw walking on a dark night along a path that ended in a precipice, and to beseech him to turn aside before it was too late from a path that would lead him to revolution and disaster, and to choose the road that would bring him to victory and to peace both at home and abroad. Though he thanked me for having his interests so much at heart, the Emperor was too much under the influence of others to heed my warning; while he honestly believed that it was his duty to hand down the autocracy, which he had inherited from his ancestors, intact to his son.

When the revolution swept away the whole Imperial edifice beyond all possibility of reconstruction I, like many others, hoped at first that it would mark the dawn of a new era, that it would break down the barrier that had separated the British democracy from the Russian autocracy, and that it would make for a more efficient conduct of the war. These hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Provisional Government, formed immediately after the revolution, was never master in its own house, and was from the outset overshadowed by the soviet — or Workmen's and Soldiers' Council — whose first act was to destroy the discipline of the army by forbidding soldiers to salute their officers, and by transferring the disciplinary powers of the latter to committees of soldiers. The whole history of the next eight months is that of a struggle between these two rival bodies, and it was from the objective standpoint of how that struggle would affect the war that I watched the situation. In informing the Provisional Government of their official recognition by His Majesty's Government, I warned them that, unless discipline was restored in the army, and order maintained in the rear, Russia's new-won liberties would not long survive, and I more than once repeated this warning to Kerensky when he was Prime Minister. My relations with the members of the successive Provisional Governments were always most friendly, but it was impossible to reconcile the view taken of the war by the Socialist Ministers with the policy of the Allied governments. The majority of the former regarded a well-disciplined army as a dangerous weapon that might one day be turned against the revolution, while they imagined that the war could be ended by detaching the German proletariat from their government without our first defeating the German armies in the field. The whole nation, moreover,— both army and people,— had suffered so terribly that they were war-weary, while Bolshevik agitators were completing the demoralization of the army by telling the soldiers that they were being sent to a senseless butchery to satisfy the imperialistic appetites of the Allies. Had Kerensky and Korniloff worked loyally together the situation might have been saved, but the differences between them were too deep-rooted. Korniloff believed, and rightly, that without discipline an army was but an armed rabble, and that order could not be maintained in the rear without severe repressive measures. Kerensky, on the other hand, shrank from repression as savoring of the methods of the old Imperial régime, and believed rather in the

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efficacy of moral suasion. Though much has been written on the subject of their quarrel, it is still difficult to apportion the share of blame attaching to each; but their final rupture destroyed the last hope which I had entertained of keeping Russia in the war. From that time onward Kerensky ceased to be master of the situation. He had let slip the unique occasion which their abortive rising in July had given him, of suppressing the Bolsheviki once and for all: and that occasion never returned. Up to the very last, however, he believed that he was strong enough to deal with them; but when the blow fell his government collapsed like a house of cards.

With the advent of the Bolsheviki to power we entered on a new phase of Russo-British relations, for, while the majority of the people have remained true to us at heart, their *de facto* government defied us from the very first. They misrepresented our every action; they threw on us the responsibility for the war; they addressed a fiery appeal to our Indian fellow subjects, inciting them to revolt; they opened negotiations with our enemies contrary to the agreement of December, 1914; they disbanded their army while those negotiations were still proceeding, and, after swearing that they would never make peace, unless it was a peace without annexations and contributions, they finally purchased it on Germany's terms. Subsequently, they raided the Embassy, murdered Captain Cromie, and imprisoned a number of innocent British subjects under conditions that recalled the Black Hole of Calcutta. Our Embassy staff, our consular officers, and the majority of our subjects have, consequently, one after another, had to leave Russia.

From the very first Lenine had proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat and the necessity of pursuing a policy of ruthless suppression, not only against the propertied classes, but also against the other Socialist groups who had refused to march with him. He dissolved the Constituent Assembly because, in spite of their efforts to manipulate the elections, the Bolsheviki were outvoted in it by nearly two to one; he suppressed the liberty of the press and of public meetings, and packed the municipal councils in the large towns with his creatures. He is a fanatic who has treated Russia as a pawn in his game, and has used her as a stepping-stone to the realization of his dream of a Socialist millennium and of a universal communistic State. To attain this end he has not hesitated to betray and ruin his country, to exterminate all its best elements, to deluge it in blood, and to reduce it to a state of organized anarchy. He has been, throughout, the directing brain of the movement, while Trotzky and the other commissaries are but its executive officers; he has taken money from Germany and accepted the assistance of German agents to organize his forces, but he has done this for a set purpose, and is not, like many of his followers, a paid German agent.

The first task that confronted Lenine was to give practical effect to the promises with which he had won over the peasants and workmen to his side. The land-hunger of the former — the most important factor in the situation — had to be satisfied, and he, accordingly, issued a decree confiscating all Crown and Church lands and private estates. The peasants, thereupon, proceeded to seize and divide them up. When, however, the government a few months later decreed the socialization of all lands, and declared all agricultural machinery, cattle, etc., State property, the peasant proprietors, who in Siberia and to a lesser extent in Russia hold a considerable amount of

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freehold property, became seriously alarmed. They had, moreover, refused to sell their grain for worthless paper money at the minimum price fixed by the government, and, on the latter trying to requisition it by force, peasant risings occurred in the Moscow government, which were brutally repressed. In order still further to coerce them the government appointed Poverty Committees, armed with rifles and machine guns, in most of the rural districts. The result has been that the peasants, who some eight months ago were nearly all Bolsheviki, have now completely turned round and are longing for the restoration of order, so as to be able to barter their grain for the commodities which they so much need.

The transfer of the control of the factories to committees of workmen, that followed the nationalization of industries, has also been attended with disastrous consequences for all concerned. The wages of the workmen were fixed at so high a rate that the factories could only be worked at a loss, and, when their reserve funds were exhausted, the majority of them had to close down. The rise in wages had, moreover, never benefited the workmen, as the price of all the first necessaries of life had risen still higher, so that as a matter of fact they were far worse off than before. They are now faced with starvation, and have to choose between joining the Red Army or returning to their villages. So conscious is Lenine of the failure of his experiment that a few months ago he told the workmen that the strictest discipline must be established in the factories, that they would have to work as they had never worked before, and that the output alone would determine the rate of their remuneration. It is also symptomatic that, after having waged a pitiless war on the other Socialist groups, Lenine has recently held out the olive branch and has invited them to rally round him. Though a small and unimportant section has responded to his appeal and addressed a proclamation denouncing Allied intervention to the troops fighting under Admiral Kolchak in Siberia, it has no mandate to speak in the name of either the Social Revolutionaries or the Social Democrats. The party organizations of both these groups have been so completely destroyed by the Bolsheviki, while their leaders have had to fly for their lives, that neither is in a position to proclaim its views nor to define its attitude. At the end of November, when a Russian Socialist friend of mine left Petrograd, nearly all the moderate Socialists were in favor of Allied intervention, provided that there was no question of the restoration of the old régime or of giving back the land to its former owners. If, as is often contended, the Bolsheviki are stronger than they were, that does not mean that their influence is increasing, or that they have the mass of the Russian people behind them. Their strength lies in the fact that as they control all food supplies, those who refuse to join them have to starve. Famine and prospective plunder are their best recruiting sergeants.

I would refer those who doubt my impartiality to the statements recently made to the press by Mr. Keeling, a British mechanic employed by the Bolsheviki, who escaped from Petrograd early in January. He shows how Bolshevism confers on some and denies to others the privilege of eating; how it is the fear of seeing their families starve that drives men into the Red Army; how nine tenths of the workmen would give anything to get rid of the Bolsheviki; how even a Bolshevik commissary told him that the position was now so intolerable that he hoped

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that the British would soon come: how the peasants would welcome British intervention and accept any form of government that would free them from Bolshevik tyranny: how the Russian question is not one of politics and theories, but of common humanity, and how it is incumbent on us to try to relieve the terrible sufferings of the Russian people.

The fact that a few well-known Russians, who had been reported killed, have escaped with their lives, has led some people to believe that the Bolshevik atrocities have been grossly exaggerated. Unfortunately, there is ample evidence to prove that this is not the case. Colonel John Ward, in the letter which he wrote to the *Daily Express* from Siberia, spoke of hundreds of Social Revolutionaries being shot by the Bolsheviki on account of their political views, of the destruction of all educational institutions, and of the murder of hundreds of schoolboys. The Archbishop of Omsk, in his message to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reported that not only had some twenty bishops and a large number of priests been killed, but that some had even been buried alive. According to other authentic reports, which I have seen, thousands of innocent civilians and peasantry have been put to death, officers have been tortured and shot, wounded men have been horribly mutilated before death, while families of men who had joined the National Army have been butchered. Time will not allow me to describe all these horrors in detail, and I will confine myself to citing a single case as illustrating what is happening every day in those parts of Russia that are under Bolshevik rule. A British subject, recently returned from Yalta in the Crimea, told me that he had seen a batch of officers stripped of all their clothes and then thrown into the sea, and that a number of wounded officers and their nurses, who had intervened, in the hope of saving them, had met with a similar fate. Private houses, he added, were consistently being entered by soldiers of the Red Army on the pretext of searching for officers or incriminating documents supposed to be concealed in them, the valuables were carried off and the women outraged. History alone will reveal the total number of their victims, but the present reign of terror and famine is so horrible that, as a Russian friend of mine said to me, the living are more to be pitied than those who have found rest and peace in death.

In the long list of their crimes there is one which I cannot pass over in silence, and which, though excused by some on the ground of political expediency, I can neither palliate nor condone. I allude to the judicial murder of members of the Imperial family. I have never attempted to defend the old autocratic régime, which was not only harsh and oppressive in its methods, but constituted a bar to the progressive development of the uneducated Russian masses. The Emperor, however, was far from being a bloodthirsty tyrant, as his executioners represented him, and under his rule Russia was a happier and more prosperous country than it will ever be under the merciless tyranny of the present *de facto* government. Nor did he or the Empress ever contemplate the betrayal either of their country or of the Allied cause, and their murders cannot, therefore, be justified on this count. Had such crimes as those of which the Bolsheviki have been guilty been committed under the Empire, a storm of indignation would have swept through our country. Yet now, even when innocent children like the little Grand Duchesses have been murdered in cold blood, hardly a voice

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is raised in condemnation of the crime, while in certain quarters one finds a latent sympathy with their murderers. Nor is there any justification for the execution of the four Grand Dukes recently shot at Petrograd, and I would take this opportunity of paying an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovich, who was distinguished alike for his literary gifts and artistic tastes, and who had written the best history of the reign of Alexander I that has yet been published. The most liberal-minded of men, he had both by letter and by word of mouth warned the Emperor of the fatal consequences that would result from the course he was pursuing, and had, in consequence of his outspoken language, been banished to his estates in South Russia. We had constantly exchanged views on the internal situation, and had united our efforts in the vain hope of inducing the Emperor to adopt a more liberal policy. By his death Russia has lost one of her noblest sons, and I a valued and honored friend.

Russia has for the time being ceased to exist as a political entity. Her voice no longer carries weight in the Council Chambers of Europe, and her chair at the Conference Table is vacant, for she possesses no legally constituted and recognized government to serve as the mouthpiece of a united nation. She is indeed a tragic and pathetic figure! During the first two years of the war she spent herself in an effort that exhausted her, and she had not strength to endure to the end. She poured forth her blood and treasure — she stood stanchly by us when we were so hard pressed in the West, and it was thanks to the heroic stand made by her badly armed troops that we were able to create a new and invincible army. Had she not made that stand, France would have been crushed before we could come to her assistance, and Germany might have won the war. Let us, therefore, remember that though Russia does not share in our triumph, though the Russian flag with its blood-stained laurels no longer floats side by side with the standards of her Allies, Russia has none the less contributed her share to our final victory. Is it not then our duty to requite the debt of honor which we owe her — is it not right that we should try to save her suffering people from the remorseless tyranny under which they are groaning? Have we forgotten the device inscribed on our banners — have we forgotten that we have been fighting for liberty, right, and justice, and that one of our chief aims has been to make the world a better place to dwell in than it was before? If we are to be consistent, if we are not to draw a fine distinction between German autocratic militarism and Bolshevik autocratic terrorism — we cannot leave Russia to her fate. Lenine, like the German Emperor, aims at world-domination, and openly avows his intention of creating a new Europe in which Bolshevism is to reign supreme. Before the conclusion of the armistice he predicted that the Allies would impose such humiliating terms on Germany that the latter would turn Bolshevik, and he expressed the confident hope that the combined forces of Russia and Germany would then be able to continue the struggle against the Allies long enough to provoke revolutionary risings in all countries. He realizes that Bolshevism, if confined to Russia, is doomed. He is, therefore, making tremendous efforts to turn Central Europe into one great Bolshevik camp. The news from Hungary is most disquieting, and confirms me in the belief that it is useless to talk of peace or of a League of Nations until

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the Russian problem has been effectively dealt with. I have referred to the moral and humanitarian grounds which render it, in my opinion, incumbent on us to go to Russia's assistance; but if these do not appeal to the Allied governments, the vital interests which are at stake will, I believe, sooner or later force them to intervene. In order to prevent the spread of the Bolshevik poison it has been proposed to draw a sanitary cordon round Russia and to isolate her completely. I personally believe that such a policy will in the end cost us more and be less effective than were we to strike boldly at the heart of the disease and eradicate the cancer that is sapping Russia's vital energies. Though we cannot employ conscripted troops for this purpose, volunteers for service in Russia might be forthcoming when the men who have been demobilized have had a few months' rest at home. Were we to supply Admiral Kolchak's and General Denikine's armies with all the military equipment which they require, a comparatively small force would suffice to give them the necessary stiffening; more especially if that force were supplemented by a relief mission provided with an ample supply of commodities and foodstuffs. The presence of such a mission in the rear of the army would secure for the advancing troops a warm welcome on the part of the population, and attract large numbers of deserters from the Red Army, which is recruited to a great extent by terroristic methods. We can never, as has been suggested, hope to save Russia by economic relief alone; for were the supplies, as would probably be the case, to fall into the hands of the Bolsheviki, we should be giving the latter a new lease of life. Military assistance and economic relief must go hand in hand, if we are to help the Russians to free themselves from Bolshevik tyranny. The task is not so gigantic a one as is generally supposed; for the capture of Moscow and Petrograd would suffice to sound the death-knell of Bolshevism as a political force, though, until a Russian military police force has been organized, roving bands of criminals will continue to murder, rape, and plunder in other parts of the country. The other alternative open to us — that of withdrawing our troops and leaving Russia to work out her own salvation — would leave an indelible stain on the British name, for it would be tantamount to delivering over to certain death those who, in answer to our summons, have rallied round our flag; while it would inevitably throw Russia sooner or later into the arms of Germany. There will, I venture to predict, be no permanent peace in the world if we ever allow Germany to control Russia's vast man-power and untold natural wealth. There is also another danger. Lenine is not only inciting our Indian fellow subjects to revolt, but is turning his attention to China, in the hope of drawing from her teeming millions recruits to maintain himself in power. To leave him time to do so would be a suicidal policy on our part. It is useless to shut our eyes to the dangers that loom ahead, or to ignore the fact that the Russian problem is the dominating factor in the European situation. Our interest and our honor both demand that we should face that problem with courage and determination. To shrink from doing so is a confession of impotence that will render vain all our sacrifices in the war.

I have shown how Russo-British friendship traces its birth to the sixteenth century: how it gradually grew until it attained its complete development during the Napoleonic wars; how, owing to mutual suspicions and misunderstandings, the two countries

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drifted apart during the reign of Nicholas I; how the Crimean War estranged them for over half a century, and how, after the agreement of 1907, they were once more drawn together till the Great War forged a blood bond between them which, had not Bolshevism intervened, might have united them for all time. Their present relations are abnormal and difficult to define; and the outlook is so dark that I will venture on no prophecy as regards the future. It is a sealed book whose secrets we cannot read. God grant, however, that at some not distant time a new, free, and united Russia may once more stretch out the hand of friendship to us and march by our side along the road of peace, progress, and enlightenment.

The National Review

# A SWEDE'S VISIT TO PETROGRAD

BY J. HESSEN

On arriving abroad, the first thing that met my eye in a Berlin paper was a notice of how a meeting of a Workmen's and Soldiers' Council was broken off because the rooms were let for the remainder of the day for a masked ball. A workmen's council and a dancing salon — a true symbol of Bolshevism! The mere allusion to such a combination ought to be a sufficient warning against a repetition of the Russian experiment. But in Berlin, as in Petrograd, there is the same passion for dancing, and the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council, in whose hands lies the fate of the mother country, has to give way to the frivolities of a masquerade.

After a long and enforced interruption I have again begun to read French and English papers, but they apparently have no clear idea of what is happening in Russia or of what Bolshevik activities consist. There are numerous accounts of Bolshevik terrorism and atrocities, for the most part greatly exaggerated, which prevent people getting at the real undisguised truth. As the press is entirely suppressed, many of the most terrible happenings are never made known. The European press is full of the many horrors in Russia, but is it known that four professors of the Conservatoire at Petrograd actually died of starvation last Christmas? That the Bolsheviki refuse to allow anyone to help the numerous prisoners who are without food, as, for instance, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who is starving in prison while his friends and relations are compelled to remain in hiding?

Many times in the winter the snow was so thick on the railways round about Moscow, and the cold so intense, that passengers died in the carriages where the snow had penetrated, and those who tried to walk to the nearest station perished on the way and were buried under the snow. There is not a place in all soviet Russia where spotted typhus does not rage, and people stand in queues in the churchyards to bury their dead, who

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are often lowered into the grave without a coffin, as it is impossible to supply the numbers that are required.

A stranger who had read of all the horrors reported from Russia would be surprised on arriving at Petrograd to see so little of the terrible things he had expected to find. On leaving the station he would be met by an apparently peaceful scene of everyday life; trams are running, at long intervals certainly, and they are much in need of repairs, but they are crowded with people, children going to school, various officials with their portfolios on their way to their bureaus. In front of the station a brisk trade in provisions is carried on: bread, meat, milk, sugar, etc. The air is full of an indescribable torrent of quite futurist abusive terms, but a foreigner would look upon it as a typical specimen of Russian everyday life, and although much may be out of order and in need of adjustment, he would imagine that the old state of affairs would be restored the moment Bolshevik terrorism disappears.

This is just the fatal mistake made by Europe and America. The perspective of the future and the hopes called forth by this view of the case form the great tragedy of the situation, while therein lies the greatest danger for the whole world, since Russia must be considered an important part of the community of nations.

The war has cost an unheard of number of lives, but that is not the worst feature of the case. The worst is that existence or life itself has so adapted itself to the Bolshevik conditions that it has entered into the form prepared by the Bolsheviki, who ruthlessly upset and overthrew everything, and yet everyday life is almost unchanged. In order to be able to adapt themselves to these conditions, which until quite recently would have been considered impossible, and to submit to them, the people must have gone through a grave psychical upheaval. The entire physiognomy of the soul must have totally changed.

It is true that Russia is now experiencing the triumph of brutality, but it must be admitted that there were times when still greater brutality prevailed. In fact, it is not the matter in itself that is the decisive factor, but its relation to our state of thought and feelings.

The Bolsheviki, however, utterly ignore the way of thinking that characterizes this generation; they are full of contempt for the standard of culture which by degrees has been acquired. Everything in life has been turned upside down by them. Maxim Gorki (before he became a Bolshevik) wrote in his paper how quickly and easily a political revolution could be brought about, but that it was impossible in a day to change the character and habits of a people. This elementary truth does not appeal to the Bolsheviki. On the contrary, every detail in daily life has been overthrown, the social side of life has been brought down to the lowest level, all individuality is suppressed, and everyday life has become a most complicated affair. Nothing can be done without registration and applying for permission. In this manner has the everyday life, which otherwise ran its course without any effort, been transformed into a ceaseless straining of energy and strenuous work. The very reading of the papers is a strain on people's attention, so anxious are they not to overlook any of the new regulations or obligation to pay new fines.

This constant strain must inevitably give rise to a state of over-exhaustion which is all the more serious as the entire trend of life in general is in the



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same direction. The unheard of high cost of living is a special source of suffering. When I mentioned some of the prices I had been called upon to pay for different articles of food, I was accused of exaggerating. People have also suffered terribly from the cold, particularly in Moscow. Firewood cannot be bought without a license, and unless one has friends in soviet circles it is very difficult to obtain one.

It is obvious that under present conditions, and in view of the abnormal nerve-strain people are exposed to, it is impossible that they in the long run can preserve their psychical balance. It may safely be affirmed that in Petrograd, in fact, in the whole of Russia, no psychically normal people exist any longer. Their mental state shows itself in their appearance, not only by their losing weight, but their energies are dulled, they are without life and interest, and go about looking like wandering corpses. In every street may be seen well-dressed people, both men and women, who stand there begging for food. Strange as it may seem, these scenes do not appear to arouse a spirit of compassion, but only serve to strengthen the instinct of self-preservation and egoism. Everything becomes more and more concentrated on the food question; all other interests are put to one side, or vanish altogether. In the streets, the theatres, the trams, the schools, at meetings of professors, the one subject of conversation is food.

It is quite impossible to fight against this tendency or to struggle against the feeling of hopelessness, when not a single bright spot is visible on the horizon. Every day the situation becomes worse; the town grows emptier and dirtier, bodies of dead horses lie about in the streets, with crowds of hungry dogs skulking round them. The shops are shut, the few that are still open have almost nothing to sell.

Some years ago Rörich, one of Russia's greatest artists, painted a picture entitled 'The Town of the Death-doomed'; that picture, together with Dostoievsky's novel, *Evil Spirits*, are the two most popular possessions in Russia at present.

Hopelessness dominates everyone and everything. It is this feeling, that there is no way out of the trouble and that each day brings the country nearer to ruin, which has brought about such a total change in the mental life of the people. It is the fear of being plunged into an abyss which has imbued the people with such brutal egoism, but one trembles for the consequences on the character of children and young people brought up in such an atmosphere.

In whose name are all the sacrifices made, and what is it that has to be paid for so dearly?

Dagens Nyheter

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## ON LAUNCHING A NEW PAPER

We believe the *Daily Courant* was the first daily paper published in England. It was a single sheet, printed on one side, and it appeared in 1702. That was not much more than two centuries ago — a mere fraction of time in our history. But in that time what a necessity of life the daily paper has become! What should we do without it? as Mr. Squeers said of Nature. What would the city men do without those fluttering rags which convert our morning trains into an army with banners? What would the betting men do? Or where would be the interest in races, boxing, and the football leagues? What should we do if we had to wait to hear about our battles till generals had finished polishing their dispatches, or till the men came home 'demobbed' and gave us their variegated tales? We should know even less of foreign parts than we know at present. We should, perhaps, think less of Parliament. The whole course of life and trade and politics and intercourse and conversation would be changed. We should miss the milk almost as much. And yet up to Queen Anne's reign our fathers got along somehow, and we are told that nearly up to Charles I no news was ever printed at all, and then only once a week. People must have lived on gossip more scanty than our own, and unveracious.

It is needless to discuss the influence of the press. That would be to encroach upon the standing theme of many a sumptuous banquet where the mighty speaker rolls out his laborious platitudes, keeping a condescending eye fixed upon the reporters. The personal experience of any leader-writer is sufficient. How often at lunch or in a train does the leader-writer, still weary with slamming down his morning's leader upon the copy paper in the office, listen to his random sentences quoted whole as the private and original opinion of person or persons unknown but sitting at his side! How often does he hear his leaders solemnly received as gospel, or as solemnly contradicted! Is it shame or pride which then fills his heart? At all events he recognizes the power of the press better than the eloquent platitudinarian of the banquet, and he needs no further proof.

As to the qualifications of a journalist, it is well known that 'Contempt of Shame and Indifference to Truth are absolutely necessary,' and Dr. Johnson, who thus defined the necessity, had every reason to know. For, though he acted as Parliamentary reporter for about three years to Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine* (we think it was), he boasted that he was only once in the House of Commons, and the speeches, including one of the elder Pitt's very finest, were entirely his own composition. Other writers of equal fame have engaged from time to time in the same precarious trade, though perhaps with less risk to character, since most of them wrote 'middles' rather than news, and were less exposed to contempt of shame and indifference to truth. We are thinking, of course, of such models in 'middle' writing as Defoe, Steele, Addison, Smollett, Goldsmith, perhaps 'Junius' (though he was rather a leader-writer), Coleridge, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and, in our own times, Andrew Lang. Yet in spite of such names in literature of the best, a stigma was early attached to journalism as being literature's enemy. So it was that steady-going old Crabbe wrote of newspapers:

A daily swarm that banish every muse,
Come flying forth and mortals call them news;
For these, unread the noblest volume lie,
For these, in sheets unsoiled the muses die.

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But enough of mere writers. In Fleet Street there is a favorite saying that 'any fool can write' (various adjectives may be applied to the word fool), 'but it wants a heaven-born genius to be an editor.' To contemplate the editor of a great daily does indeed fill the present writer with the kind of awe which he feels in the contemplation of this incalculably varied earth, or the starry firmament on high. An editor's sympathy must be as boundless as the sea, his thought as deep. His brain itself must be a microcosm, a little universe, and yet embracing the Universal Whole. Somewhere there must be room in that gigantic mind for the schemes of statesmen, the course of wars, the revelations of science, the glories of literature, the winners of glove fights, the fashions of hats, the rivalries of beauty competitions, the doings of royalty. He must control his writers, who may think themselves men of genius (God help him!). He must apportion space and time. He must throttle the sub-editors, and harass the correspondents. He must obviate the perils of truth. He must crush contributors. He must elude interrupters. He must write the broadside. He must set the leaders. He must curse the printers. He must interview politicians. He is like the conductor of an immense orchestra, listening to the music, and at the same time keeping his eye fixed on each performer from the big drum to the piccolo. No wonder he fills us with an amazement near to stupefaction.

And it is strange how completely the whole paper depends upon the editor alone. Of course we have seen plenty of instances lately in which some mere manager, or a wealthy proprietor, or even a dominating shareholder has shoved the editor out of place and stuck himself there instead. It has often proved a deadly experiment, and at the best it sets the paper all askew, like a ship with a heavy list. A paper takes the tone from the editor, just as a public school from the headmaster, or a regiment from the colonel. The influence of an editor may pervade a paper for many years after he has departed. Captain Sterling, as editor of the *Times*, began a leader with the words, 'We thundered forth the other day an article,' and after that it was not only Captain Sterling who was long called 'The Thunderer,' but the *Times* as well. Dickens, as the first editor of the *Daily News*, began its first leader with the words, 'We seek, as far as in us lies, to elevate the character of the public press in England.' And has not that laudable intention been industriously maintained? Or, again, James Grant, in his *History of the Press*, tells us that the *Morning Herald*, if it could not, strictly speaking, be called Liberal, was certainly not committed deeply to Toryism. He is writing of the *Herald* about a century ago, and might not exactly the same be said of the *Herald* which appeared this week?

But in our marvel at the editor let us not forget his innumerable subordinates — the secluded leader-writers, the elusive 'own' correspondents and 'special' correspondents, the tormented assistant editor, the maddened sub-editors, the listening foreign editor, the bombarded literary editor, the men who 'handle' the 'flimsy,' the outside reporters, the boys, formerly called devils, the printers, the folders, the distributors, the paper-makers, the timber-cutters, who send logs down stream to the pulping mills, the men and women who roll the produce of the forest thin and hang it up to dry till the newspaper is complete except for the writing, which is added afterwards. When we welcome a new paper, as we welcome the

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*Daily Herald* this week, we must remember all this host of various people who have to finish their regular bits of work day by day, and have to be paid. Though we filled this weekly number with the subject, we could not exhaust the difficulties in which a new daily is entangled. Through all these intricate complexities of men and matter it has to force its way, and deeply should we sympathize with hopes too like despair as the staff struggles through that jungle.

Overwhelming in any case, the labor is hardly to be endured unless illuminated by hope. Such hope we mean as must now throw its gleam upon the *Herald*. For, indeed, the contest is glorious and the hope great. The new paper's prevailing idea, it tells us, is the need of a complete break with the old system, the need of approaching the task of reconstruction with the frank assumption that we are about really to create a new social order. 'The British Labor Movement,' it says, 'is the only great political movement of Europe that has not a daily newspaper of its own; and if the workers are to obtain self-government in their daily lives, they must have their own press, directed by those who favor Labor's aims.' Such aims are well assured of opposition. 'It is not in human nature that those who benefit from the conditions we would abolish should be impartial judges of the proposed change.' Far from being impartial judges, it is certain that they will seek to counteract the proposed change with violent hostility. But an obvious enemy's opposition may be exhilarating. Depression comes with the indifference of friends. When such an endeavor starts, there will always be candid friends to carp, and other friends to commend and freeze its virtue. There are those to whom the admixture of a lie always gives pleasure, and who have no difficulty in finding it elsewhere. There are those who like to relax their minds early in the morning over pictures of the day's brides, spring hats, or pigs as army mascots. And there are multitudes in all classes who identify seriousness of purpose with 'intellectual snobbery.' Against all these every honest and serious paper has to contend, and the opponents are perhaps strongest among the workers whose noses are kept closest to the daily grindstone, and whose life is too benumbed for rebellion or even for protest.

None the less, how splendid with promise is the opportunity for such a paper now! Seventy years ago Carlyle exclaimed, 'With thankfulness we perceive the old World of Mammon everywhere cracking.' Much more obvious are the cracks and chasms now. Political revolution is often quick and easy; social revolution moves slowly or with a desperate force. But if the result of the accumulated years which ended in the worst of wars is to show no social change that may truly be called a revolution, then indeed all but the idle, the swindlers, the profiteers, the place-hunters, and the so-called owners of land may well despair of mankind. At such a turning point of the world's history it is very heaven to stand upon the side of change and hope, whether one be young or old. All who share the labors and the purposes of such a movement as the *Daily Herald's* stand on that side, and, as we said, their contest truly is glorious and their hope great.

The Nation

## AN HOUR WITH LUDWIG FULDA

BY H. DE ZIEGLER

STRUCK by the fact that at Berlin, France is considered to be the author of all the woes of Germany, I went to

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consult M. Ludwig Fulda upon this subject. The illustrious translator of Molière lives at Dahlem, near a little pine wood, in a suburban quarter of a laughing and pleasant aspect. With very good grace, he received me in the comfortable library of his delightful villa.

'No, it is not the hate shown us, which we resent. We are' (M. Fulda seeks for an exact equivalent of the participle *entzetzt*, but not finding it continues) '—we are really petrified.' And following this he showed me the situation as he sees it, Germany famished, nervous, and exposed, unless her misery is assuaged, to the most sinister disarray; Bolshevism irrepressible and tempting, already master of Hungary and about to spread toward the west; and, above all, the Conference of Paris pushing the conquered to despair and to playing the game of the enemies of civilization:

'All depends upon the Entente; by using moderation, by acting according to the dictates of justice, everything can be saved. By humiliating Germany, however, they will prepare war for the future. It is the spirit of war that must be killed, and this is, perhaps, the last opportunity of so doing. Will they have the folly to let the moment pass?'

'But,' said I, 'will Germany ever believe that they are using moderation in their treatment of her? I went yesterday to a meeting at the winter Vélodrome. To judge from certain words and certain interruptions, I would say that the audience was far from resigning itself to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine.'

'It is natural that such an amputation could not take place without pain. But the return of Alsace to France will put no obstacle in the path of peace.'

We talked of the origin of the war, but only for an instant, for all hope of coming to an understanding upon that point seemed to be quite impossible.

'Did you sign, in 1914, the protest of the Ninety-three?'

'Yes, and in connection with this, I believe that the exact significance of our act was never understood abroad. I still do not understand what they found revolting in this matter. The protest represented the cry of people who thought themselves attacked, in a state of legitimate defense, an answer to attacks which we held unjust. The document did not contain, I assure you, one offensive word.'

All that the poet is willing to concede to me is that the responsibility and the guilt is not all on one side.

'The thing which turned Latin Switzerland unanimously against Germany,' said I, 'was, first of all, the violation of Belgium.'

'That was a great mistake and I deplore the misfortune of the Belgian people from the bottom of my heart.'

'And again,' I continued, 'the German conduct of the war, the devastation of Rheims——'

'But war is war. That is all that is necessary. This word signifies all that is bad, violent, and unjust. It is because of war that there must be destruction. I have given much of my strength to making France known in Germany, to making her loved. In spite of all differences, in the face of a terrible threat, we have, after all, a common patrimony to defend. We must save civilization. If we lose time, we shall lose Europe, and the time when a world will come to see our ruins, even as we go to see those of Oriental empires, is not far away.'

M. Fulda, speaking with a gravity which held the attention, went on to talk of the material situation of Berlin and of the extraordinary nervousness

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which, according to him, is the result of it.

'It is terrible. From day to day one never knows if one's children are going to be able to eat. One pays as much for an egg as one used to pay for a fowl, and a suit of clothes costs a thousand marks. Are you getting something to eat at your hotel?'

'Yes, but not enough to satisfy our hunger. Evidently there is much distress, but the theatres are full——'

'Yes, but we love art.'

'The circuses and music halls, too, are full.'

'We want to bewilder ourselves, we want to forget.'

We returned to political matters: the thing which is leading the Allies to continue their policy of rigor is the fact that they do not yet see in Germany the manifestation of a new spirit. They perceive the old nationalist aspirations, officers of the old régime are busying themselves with affairs, flowers have been placed upon the statue of Bismarck, and the absent Emperor has been acclaimed with a cheer.

'All this has no particular signification. In a nation of 70,000,000 souls all kinds of little matters of this sort may take place and will take place.'

M. Fulda does not believe in reaction; he fears Bolshevism, and sees the only remedy for it in a prompt and just peace. He loves Europe, and his voice, when he speaks, takes on an accent of emotion which it is not easy to forget.

'Monsieur, I have only one great hope left to me, the hope of reconciliation. If it is in vain, there is nothing left to look forward to.'

He begs pardon for speaking our tongue with the tiniest trace of difficulty after five years of interruption, and adds that he has just finished a comedy which will be played the coming autumn. He explains with animation that it is not inspired by the realities of the day. Then as I rise to go he says, 'Take the path to the right which leads through the wood, you will find it very lovely.'

Le Journal de Genève

## LLOYD GEORGE *VERSUS* LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Now that the Prime Minister has broken with Lord Northcliffe, it will be interesting to see what substitute he will find for his Press Party. If he will act with calmness and temperateness instead of restlessness and 'slapdashery' he need never be in anxiety. We should all be prepared to allow to Lord Northcliffe's criticisms the weight they deserved to carry if it were possible to feel that those criticisms had been caused by some lapse on Mr. Lloyd George's part from his former policy. Most observers will agree, however, that there has been very little change in Mr. Lloyd George, though there has been a great deal of change in Lord Northcliffe. In fine, Lord Northcliffe tries to annihilate Mr. Lloyd George because of a personal quarrel.

Mr. Lloyd George naturally made great play by contrasting the peace terms which Lord Northcliffe published last November with what the Northcliffe papers are demanding now. In November, Lord Northcliffe proposed that the high criminals in Germany should be tried by German Tribunals and not by the Allies. In November his peace terms did not contain any mention of an indemnity. But now the Northcliffe Press will be satisfied with nothing less than the whole cost of the war. These are only two examples of ridiculous inconsistency taken from Mr. Lloyd George's list. Rightly did Mr. Lloyd George

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say: 'I would as soon rely on a grasshopper!' If Lord Northcliffe had been a wise monitor to Mr. Lloyd George in the past, one might feel in sympathy with him now. But look at his record. He caused his newspapers to walk very delicately throughout the Marconi scandal, which tainted the whole morality of our public life. In the underground attack upon Mr. Asquith — it was certainly underground, whatever we may think of Mr. Asquith as a statesman; in the operation of securing the political support of the Labor Party for Mr. Lloyd George; when Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech with its gross attempt to upset the whole of the Western strategy which was destined ultimately to win the war was delivered; when Sir William Robertson and Sir Douglas Haig were persecuted because they were fighting manfully against wild-cat schemes and the promotion of military side-shows into operations of major importance — on all those occasions Lord Northcliffe was the henchman and servant of Mr. Lloyd George. We protested at the time, but Lord Northcliffe only became the more blindly active in his cooperation with Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George, for his part, has changed very little, if at all. What small change we see has been a distinct improvement — for instance, in the House of Commons the other day. The change is almost entirely in Lord Northcliffe himself, although he may not have enough perception to be aware of it. The Prime Minister may be dangerous because he is much too volatile, but he is consistency itself compared with Lord Northcliffe. Both men have been guilty of tergiversations, but Lord Northcliffe's have been much more frequent and there has been less excuse for them. If Mr. Lloyd George is an egotist, Lord Northcliffe s much more so. If Mr. Lloyd George is often irresponsible, Lord Northcliffe is almost always irresponsible. When Mr. Lloyd George falls from power, it must be because in the judgment of the nation he has shown himself to be incapable of carrying on his work; it must emphatically not be because Lord Northcliffe has announced, for no special reason except a hidden personal one, that the time has come for a new Ministry.

If Lord Northcliffe tries seriously to carry on his feud with the Prime Minister, the nation will have to choose between the authority of Mr. Lloyd George with all his faults and the advice of Lord Northcliffe. We shall be in no doubt ourselves which to choose. By far the lesser power for evil, even in his very worst moments, is Mr. Lloyd George. We have often urged Members of Parliament not to be afraid of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers; but even though members occasionally professed to be unaffected by the intimidating voice, they have too often shown by their actions that they really were afraid. And yet what nonsense it is, and always has been, to talk of Lord Northcliffe's tremendous power and of his success in destroying any politician whom he dislikes! His failures in prescience and annihilation, though commonly forgotten, are really more notable than his successes. He violently attacked Mr. Balfour and announced that he must leave the Lloyd George Ministry. Yet Mr. Balfour survives, and is no doubt less troubled by his thoughts at this moment than Lord Northcliffe himself. Lord Northcliffe, again, marked down Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Long for destruction. They were denounced as reactionary Tories — the very phrase marking another change in Lord Northcliffe — and as hopeless members of the 'Old Gang'; but Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Long

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remain at their posts and are doing good work for the country. Both of them are not only highly experienced men of affairs, but are men of the highest character — such men as carry on untainted that great tradition of British public life which sometimes seems to be direfully threatened by the individual offenses of other public men. Sir Edward Carson, to take another case, publicly attacked Lord Northcliffe; and if ever Lord Northcliffe would have been specially glad to be rid of an enemy, Sir Edward Carson was that enemy. But Lord Northcliffe once more was helpless; his defiance fell flat; and probably nine people out of ten have forgotten that our Elijah Pogram of the press ever uttered it.

The duel with Mr. Lloyd George has left Lord Northcliffe in rather a weak position, because whatever he may do in future to vilify Mr. Lloyd George will undoubtedly, rightly or wrongly, be put down to wounded vanity. If we wanted to give Lord Northcliffe a little friendly advice, we should tell him that the best line is to say hardly anything at present, but to convey the impression that Mr. Lloyd George may safely be left alone, as he is sure to cut his own throat in the long run. When a term came to Mr. Lloyd George's power, Lord Northcliffe would then be able to say that he had foreseen it and had prophesied it. As a matter of fact, both the duelists have been too angry lately to think very carefully over their thrusts and parries. How much more telling and potent Mr. Lloyd George's attack upon Lord Northcliffe might have been, for example, if it had been less seemingly aggressive and had contained a little more of the delicacy of insinuation. Surely from the point of view of discrediting Lord Northcliffe to the greatest possible extent — we crave pardon for indulging ourselves in this cynical essay in debating points — Mr. Lloyd George ought to have been very careful to distinguish Lord Northcliffe's influence from the potential influence of the *Times*. By badly attacking the *Times* — that 'threepenny edition of the *Daily Mail*' — he wantonly ranged against him the staff of the *Times* and many of its contributors and admirers. Among these men there must be a considerable number who heartily mistrust Lord Northcliffe, yet now they have been thrown into Lord Northcliffe's camp. Mr. Lloyd George might have drawn a moving picture of able and innocent men, supremely anxious to serve their country wisely, quietly, and patiently, and to be fair and just to the nation's servants, being hurried along by an eccentric master — being made to jump even as the grasshopper jumps. 'What a pity,' Mr. Lloyd George might have exclaimed if he had not been too angry to be cunning, 'that this great national institution, a newspaper once so great and so famous, and still on many sides of its activities so efficient, so influential, and so interesting, should have fallen into the hands of a wayward and irresponsible egotist! It is a Rolls-Royce engine of the most exquisite kind being driven by an ignoramus at the wheel — and worse than that, by an ignoramus who is persuaded, partly by himself and partly by his claque of parasites, that he is the man to save the nation and make himself our prime ruler!'

The Spectator

## WEIMAR DURING THE SESSION

It is misting. The gutters are dripping, the pavements steaming. Men pick their way. I put on my rubbers and slip through the streets to

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meet an appointment with one of my colleagues. The caressing spring evening embraces me. One feels like raising his hands to heaven and breathing deeply. Ye gods, but it is beautiful! A presentiment of regeneration thrills the dark and, I must admit, decidedly dirty little city. Yes, it is very dark. In spite of every precaution one runs into little splashes of water. Here and there is a dimly glowing street lamp. For five steps the pavement will be brilliant and then the black fog envelops everything. At last we reach our destination. It is an old building of the picturesque ochre yellow of the ancient city. The brown beams protrude through the masonry. There is a motto in old style letters. In front is the silent market place. But this is not really the old dreamy Weimar, the city of recollections and the Court of the Muses. The spirit of a new and a very different age has seized the city with revolutionary force. Politics rule — and journalists. Weimar is just now the El Dorado of reporters. Rumors fly about unceasingly. Who can seize them and run them down? Every minute someone is being killed by the government. Every day Spartacans start something with machine guns and heavy artillery. Cabinet crises follow each other in quick succession. Unexampled defalcations are discovered — but these events are only in the public imagination. People no longer greet each other with 'Good morning,' but with 'What is the news?' At every corner you run into a man with a memorandum book. At every table in the coffee houses a guest sits busily writing. There is an item of interest in every bottle of wine. There is a tremendous rumor in every glass of beer. Our German colleagues are very prudent. They know how abundant is the growth of lies, and have a keen sense for what is true or at least what is plausible, on the one hand, and what is incredible nonsense on the other. But the reporters from abroad, poor devils, who cannot stammer more than a few German phrases, or understand a third of what is told them, seize avidly on every rumor and are ready to believe most incredible things. They persuaded one unfortunate little Frenchman, who is constantly in a fever of excitement, running about with a phrase book in his hands and asking every man he meets what is the news, that Prince Max of Baden was positively known to be about to divorce his wife in order to marry Mrs. Zietz. I got hold of him just in time to prevent his telegraphing this sensation to Paris. A Swede, who, strange to say, does not speak German or understand it, and has a very poor knowledge of English, has been going about under the impression that the President of Germany is also the presiding officer of the national assembly, and has expressed his astonishment everywhere that the pictures in the illustrated papers are so remarkably poor. A dapper little Italian has a mania for interviews. If a person mentions any well-known German to him, although the gentleman may have died a long time ago, he darts off with a countenance glowing with enthusiasm to see if he cannot find the man and get him interviewed. I really believe that if someone should start him off to Goethe's garden house, he would hurry away to find its great occupant, sharpening his pencil along the road. There is an Englishman here who is quite a different sort of a fellow. He speaks German excellently, has his eyes open everywhere, and is constantly smoking a little stubby pipe. He knows what is going on and telegraphs everything. At the same time he is composing his own dispatches, he amuses himself with con-

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veying the most remarkable misinformation to his colleagues. With the most serious face in the world he informed them that the Kaiser had set up a factory for manufacturing noodles in Holland and was investigating carefully the propagation of the particular kind of weevils that are employed in the industry. He spins his yarns with a stolid countenance and has only one permanent complaint, that is, that you can get no whiskey in Weimar. There is none, indeed, but you can get almost everything else you want.

The Hamburger Nachrichten

## THE COMING OF THE WAR TOURIST

BEFORE long the first boat-loads of tourists will be making for the war zone. At the moment G.H.Q. does n't want them, and keeps them at bay with a white form marked by a blue Maltese cross. But in course of time sympathetic Americans and the other tribes will be searching the ruins of burned-out passions and agonies, armed with the rewritten Badaeker or its Allied equivalent. I was not, strictly speaking, a tourist in the wandering through Belgium and French Flanders from which I have just returned, but I saw a sample of the sights every tourist will want to see soon. Perhaps a few notes on how I blazed the trail may be acceptable, although conditions of travel are certain to be more normal in a few months' time.

The first genuine tourists making for Namur will not, for instance, go by the Cologne express. This lordly title suggested visions of a beautiful corridor train with sleepers, obsequious attendants, and everything delightful. The Cologne express is for soldiers only. It is an old ambulance train 'converted' from a goods train. On the night journey from Boulogne to Mons I did not sleep because I thought of the load of suffering that rough berth had borne all these years. The real tourist will not be so haunted by association, nor will he be the only civilian on the train. At daylight I saw the great word 'Mons' on the wall of a dingy station, and through the window loomed one of those monstrous black slag-heaps the war correspondents used to spend their powers on in 1914. It is curious how little reading and imagination prepares one for what the eyes see. The slag-heaps are more monstrous than I expected, and everything was different. I thought to find a village and I saw a big town, and instead of wreckage all the signs of prosperity. This last might be a delusive appearance, but apart from a few ruined houses there was nothing all the way to Charleroi but neat streets, often newly whitewashed, with German patterns on the slates sometimes. In Mons later on I paid four francs for an excellent lunch. It was surprising, too, that the fields seemed to be thoroughly well cultivated, although some of the land looked as if it had been turned over for the first time since the war. But superficially there was neatness and peace.

The tourist, too, will hardly find, as I did, dejected German soldiers sweeping the roadway outside Charleroi station under the stern eyes of a British corporal. I was to find German P.O.W. all over Belgium and France, always working, if not hard, yet continuously, and always very silent. They look well cared for, but unutterably bored (so for that matter are our Tommies who are scattered in little groups all over the war country. They stroll in the village streets, hands in pockets, with 'fed-upness' in every line of their honest faces). Charleroi has changed a German for a British

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occupation, and neither seems to go very deep. One of my impressions (too rapid, of course, to be of any value) was that the effect of conquest upon a population has its strict limits. People must live somehow, whatever happens, and they will manage to live in their own way.

From Charleroi I went to the haunts of the pre-war tourist along the Meuse. Namur is much as it was except for the elimination of the Town Hall — a pleasant little town, still gay with flags for the liberation. The shops are ready for the tourist with stocks of picture post cards, printed since the armistice, of scenes of devastation. In the hotel we had dances every night, not a bit disturbed at the thought that perhaps German officers were dancing there a few months since. The head porter was from Luxemburg, which, he said, ought to belong to the Allies. This was dubious patriotism in him, but doubtless good business. The shops specialize in chocolate, which is dear, but cheaper than in London. The complete erasure of all German reminders is striking. Four and a half years was evidently too short a time for their Kultur to take root. There was one new building. In a delightful nook on the Meuse near Huy is a sham mediæval castle. A German princess lived there. Her château was destroyed by Belgian guns from one of the Namur forts. The Germans built her another. This tale will be told to every tripper up the Meuse. The picturesque tourist, as Carlyle called him, can still rejoice in the unspoiled beauty of Huy, with its contrast of the long, straight lines of the citadel and the broken lines of its church by the water. The reasserted Belgian nationality seemed especially pungent at Liege. Does patriotism burn most fiercely closest to a frontier?

Out in the country among the red-tiled villages in the great Flanders plain, the war was again curiously remote. The tourist must hasten, for once the British army goes home the thrifty Belgian peasant will quickly cover over its traces. Fine ex-artillery horses were pulling a plough through the fat soil; skittish mules take the farmer to market. Long strings of W.D. wagons along the sides of the roads alone remain to tell our army has passed by — those and German trucks, with the Imperial Eagle crossed out, surrendered or abandoned in the flight. At Ennetiers, on the fringe of Lille, our car broke down. An old French farmer invited me in to warm myself in his bare but neat kitchen. Nowhere have I met greater courtesy or kindness. Two sons at the war, one in Albania, one in the colonies. '*Le troisième*,' he said, in a deep, strong voice without sentiment, '*mort*.' Thirty German soldiers lived upstairs during the war and ate everything. The daughter told how she was ordered to work on the land, and as it was raining heavily at the appointed hour she went late. Result: Five days' imprisonment or a fine of 20 francs. The family was rich, and is now very poor. But it is happy.

The war tourist will doubtless see more of the devastated region than I did, for I rushed across the belt of ruin from Lille to beyond Bailleul at kinematograph speed. Photographs and miles of printed description do not really prepare you for the reality. I thought in my ignorance that Armentières was a village. It is a town about as big as Stockport and all battered about to nothing. The drunken remains of the railway station are the sign manual of our airmen. I expected to see black ruins everywhere, but they are rosy — the débris of brick — jagged red walls thrust out of rubbish heaps. Where a house is spared it is

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inhabited, and neat white curtains attest the struggle to live. I saw men pathetically patching up the shaking walls of their homes. Bailleul, a few miles farther on, is worse, but it is a smaller place. In the actual fighting zone peasant women, regardless of the tourist to come, were filling in trenches with the spade. Many shell holes in the fields are filled in already and show as brown circles in the green. Rusty scraps of Nissen huts strew the swamps where so many good men died. . . .

I was glad to get to Cassel on the hill, only a few miles farther on, but by some strange chance quite untouched. The view over the plain reminded me of the oversight of the Weald from Leith Hill, and I saw nothing of war in all that great expanse, so quickly do you in this area escape from the graveyard of armies.

The Manchester Guardian

## THE HAPPY GHOST

BY H. H. BASHFORD

THE Singing Canon of Windsor (or it might have been the Precentor of Wells) paused for a moment, wiped the sweat from his brow, and spoke to the Norroy King of Arms.

'Half a minute,' said the latter, bending over his work. Then he, too, straightened himself and wiped his forehead.

'It's nice to be able to relax for a moment,' said the Singing Canon.

'It is that,' said the Norroy King of Arms.

The hand of relief smoothed out a wrinkle or two from their toil-worn faces.

'*Labor*,' said the Singing Canon, '*omnia vincit*.'

'I wish I thought so,' said the Norroy King of Arms.

'You don't then?'

'I have my doubts. Look at me, for instance. What have I conquered?'

'For the matter of that, look at me.'

They looked at each other, not without pity. They were joined by the bent forms, crippled with osteo-arthritis, of the Master of the Buck Hounds and the Groom of the Bucks. The Groom of the Bucks seated himself with difficulty. The Master of the Buck Hounds passed round the beer.

'There are some things,' he said, 'that must be accepted in faith. We cannot all see the fruit of our labors.'

'Very true,' said the Singing Canon, who felt that he ought to have said that himself.

'Personally, I believe,' said the Groom of the Bucks, 'that our real life is being lived elsewhere.'

'I wish I thought so,' said the Norroy King of Arms.

'I believe that we are but the slumber-selves of our true personalities.'

The Singing Canon blew his nose. The Master of the Buck Hounds passed round the beer.

'Have you any grounds,' said the Norroy King of Arms 'for so curious and disturbing a theory?'

The Groom of the Bucks stared thoughtfully in front of him, and then made a little gesture with his gnarled fingers.

'Last night,' he said, 'I had a strange experience, and a still stranger one this morning.'

The others disposed themselves in attitudes dictated by the weariness incident to their callings.

'I had been combing a buck,' he continued, 'down at Hammersmith, and had had a thoroughly exhausting day. He was one of those tiresome bucks that, however hard one works, never shows any adequate results, and, when at last I dropped my currycomb, he was as rough and unkempt-looking as if I had never laid my hands on him.

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I mention this because I want to be quite fair in presenting to you all the relevant data.'

The Singing Canon nodded, as did the Norroy King of Arms. The Master of the Buck Hounds passed round the beer.

'I was weary,' said the Groom of the Bucks. 'I had been to Hammersmith, which, as you may know, is near Shepherd's Bush, and I had had a sufficient though simple dinner before ascending to my bedroom. I do not suppress these facts, although, personally, I cannot believe that they explain what was to happen. Now I must refer to Armitage. He was an artist. He was killed in the war. You have probably never heard of him.'

He glanced at the patient faces of his listening companions. Upon none of them had his mention of Armitage wrought any sign of interest.

'Edward Armitage,' he said, 'who was at one time engaged to be married to my sister Gertrude, was also at one time believed to be the coming man of the Glasgow School of painters. In his later twenties he was very much written about, and his pictures were bought in considerable numbers. But he was one of those coming men who never came. There are a good many of them, and I am always sorry for them.'

'So am I,' said the Singing Canon. The Master of the Buck Hounds passed round the beer.

'At thirty-two it began to become doubtful whether he would ever be able to support a wife. His works, though hung in various exhibitions, were seldom mentioned by the critics. Invitations to dinner with the best people, so necessary to an artist, became very rare. Presently they ceased. My sister had no alternative but to accept the offer of Lord Plumstone. Some time before that, Armitage had come to London and taken a studio in St. John's Wood. But at the age of thirty-nine he had ceased to be able to afford that, and had moved into lodgings at Shepherd's Bush. Here he had fitted up a shed, next door to his landlord's house, and here he continued to paint his unsuccessful pictures. I am able to tell you this because I once happened to knock him down while motoring to Richmond by way of the Goldhawk Road. He was scarcely hurt, and I recognized him at once, though his hair had become gray, and his linen was not very clean. It was somewhat out of my way, but I took him to his lodgings, and he persuaded me to walk round his studio. I am not an artist, and could offer him no assistance either by way of encouragement or condemnation. He seemed a little excited about a certain progress that he affected to discern in his later canvases. But the chief impression left upon me was that, on the whole, he recognized himself as a failure. Three years later he told a recruiting sergeant that he was thirty-one with anæmia of his hair-roots, and, a year after that, he was killed in France. He left his back pay to my sister, Lady Plumstone.'

'He had some good qualities then?' said the Norroy King of Arms.

'Oh, several,' said the Groom of the Bucks.

The Singing Canon looked at his watch.

'I shan't be very long,' said the Groom of the Bucks. 'Well, I went upstairs, as I told you. I went upstairs to my bedroom, opened the door, and there was Armitage. It gave me no shock; it scarcely surprised me, though I had never in my life seen anyone so transformed — not in appearance, for he was just as I had last seen him, but in the extraordinary content that shone in his voice.

'"My dear Groom," he said, "my

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dear Groom, what in heaven are you doing?"

'"How do you mean?" I asked.

'"Walking about like this, in — in what might be called your night-gown."

'He touched my body with his finger-tips; at least I suppose he did, but I could n't feel them.

'"Are you a ghost?" I asked.

'He laughed. It was as though the sun had told a secret.

'"Where am I?" I said.

'He waved his hand. I saw his pictures on the walls about me.

'"Well, what do you think of them now?" he inquired.'

The Groom of the Bucks paused.

'I wish I could describe them to you,' he said. 'But I can't.'

The Singing Canon of Windsor was rocking to and fro. The Norroy King of Arms was staring at the sky.

'"I saw a girl's face," he went on. "It was the gate of all the mysteries. I saw the top of a mountain. It was the candle on every altar."

'"But these are n't your pictures," I said, "the ones you showed me?"

'"Those were only the dreams of them," he replied. "Now, I'm awake."

'"What am I?" I asked.

'He scratched his chin.

'"Well, I don't quite know," he said. "I think something must have gone wrong."

'"But where am I?"

'"In your dreams you'd call it heaven. But you've brought your body with you. That's unusual."

'"I don't understand," I said. "Am I dead?"

'"No, you need n't be dead, as you call it, to be in heaven. You need only be asleep, as you call it. That's why sleep's so refreshing."

'"But what I call awake?" I asked.

'"Is what we should call asleep," he said. "Do you know those curious dreams in which you just miss doing things, are always too late, never can get started?"

'I nodded.

'"Yes, they're very annoying."

'"That's what life is," he said, "what *you* call life."

'"What do you call it?"

'"An experiment of the Most High. We all take our part in it. Mine's over."

'"Then what's earth?"

'"A fragment of heaven."

'"And these pictures?"

'"What I tried to do in my sleep."'

The Groom of the Bucks stopped.

'That was my strange experience,' he said.

The Master of the Buck Hounds passed round the beer.

'But you said you had a stranger one next morning.'

'So I did,' said the Groom of the Bucks. 'I'll tell you. I live, as you know, in Ennismore Gardens. I went up to my bedroom at half past ten. But next morning, when I woke up, I was in an empty shed in Shepherd's Bush.'

'Do you mean,' said the Singing Canon, 'that you were in the shed that had been Armitage's studio?'

'That's what the policeman told me.'

The Singing Canon sighed. The Master of the Buck Hounds began to pass round the beer. But, at a significant glance from the Norroy King of Arms, he thought better of it, and put down the jug.

The New Statesman

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# UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES*

BY DR. A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

THE universities in America and Canada have been built up on very much the same plan, and what is said in this article applies almost equally to both the States and the Dominion. In their constitution and staff they vary *inter se* as much as do the universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland. This is equally true of their curricula and of their buildings.

Let us consider, in the first place, the buildings. These are sometimes in the heart of a big city, like Columbia University in New York City, Chicago University, Yale in New Haven, the University of Tulane in New Orleans, Harvard in Cambridge, and many others. Sometimes they are in towns hardly larger than villages, as in the case of Princeton and of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, and the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Sometimes the buildings are scattered over large areas, and some of the departmental buildings may be separated from the main university by many miles. At the Northwestern University just mentioned, the Schools of Medicine and Law are situate in the heart of Chicago, perhaps fifteen miles away from the central institution.

As a rule the ground upon which the buildings are scattered is called the 'campus,' but at Harvard it is known as the 'yard,' and a Harvard man is as irritated by a stranger calling his 'yard' the 'campus' as is a Cambridge man when anyone applies to his College 'courts' the Oxford term 'quads.' The size of the universities also differs greatly. There are some with seven, or even more, thousand students. There are other institutions of university standing with only a few hundreds. But no American is frightened by size; and some of the leading educationists in the United States contemplate without a qualm the growth of their institutions and the number of their students until they reach twenty, or thirty, or even forty thousand. It is not, however, easy to get at really definite numbers, *i.e.*, the number of students who are actually reading for degrees. The summer courses, which are a great feature in some universities, and do not exist at all in others, swell these numbers; but the summer visitor is seldom reading for a degree. Indeed, I came across one lady who helped in this direction by taking her 'summer course' of swimming in the really admirable university swimming baths in the heart of one of the most heated cities of the eastern coast.

The older universities, such as Yale and Harvard, have a certain pride of antiquity and of race, and just as we are apt to say in England, 'He must be a Duke or he could n't afford to dress so shabbily,' so they seem to

*1. *Opportunities for Foreign Students at Colleges and Universities in the United States.* By Samuel Paul Capen. United States Bureau of Education.
2. *The University Record.* The University of Chicago Press.
3. *Studies in Higher Education in England and Scotland,* with suggestions for Universities and Colleges in the United States. By George Edwin Maclean. United States Bureau of Education.
4. *Studies in Higher Education in Ireland and Wales.* By George Edwin Maclean. United States Bureau of Education.
5. *The Money Value of Education.* By A. Caswell Ellis. United States Bureau of Education.
6. *Life at Yale.* Published by the Alumni Advisory Board of Yale University.



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exhibit a certain indifference to appearances. Some of their buildings are charming and suitable, others struck one as wanting closing 'for cleaning and repairs.' They are scattered about in great commercial cities, and they almost necessarily lack unity of design. Places like the University of Chicago, and the Washington University at St. Louis, or the Rice Institute of Texas, have been built at one time and by one architect, or at any rate by one firm of architects, and they have a unity in architecture and in proportion.

The Roman Catholic universities seem to be particularly successful in selecting beautiful sites, with wide vistas both of town and country. They show an abiding faith, they build for all time, and they will wait for years to get the site they desire. Some of the chapels and public rooms in these institutions are most charmingly decorated. Some of the newly built universities, such as Columbia, the Rice Institute in Texas (for it is in effect a university), the Washington University at St. Louis, have very noble approaches; long spacious avenues, and stately steps lead to their portals. Mechanical locomotion is now so universal in America that the authorities do not hesitate to 'pitch their tents' well out into the country, and usually on a height with a commanding view.

The American is bold in his plans, and buildings like the Massachusetts Technological Institute or Harvard Medical School are notable additions to the architecture of notable towns. As a rule within the buildings the staircases and passages are wide and spacious; elevators abound; and drinking water is laid down which bubbles up at frequent fountains. The dryness of the atmosphere in the rooms, which to the European seem very overheated, makes this provision necessary. A curious feature of American life is a distrust of the sun. The sun in the United States is a national asset, but even in the middle of the day the blinds will be drawn half-way down the windows and then the natural light of the heavens is supplemented by artificial illumination. Even if one left one's hotel room for half an hour, one always found on returning the blinds which one had drawn up were carefully and accurately drawn half-way down again. The lecture rooms are, as a rule, admirably adapted for their purpose, and the larger ones seem to possess almost perfect acoustic properties. The sitting accommodation is also a great improvement on the usual benches or chairs of European institutions.

In the last thirty years great efforts have been made to introduce artistic features into the colleges, and even into some of the business rooms, and especially is this the case in some of the ladies' establishments. Their bigger halls are decorated with really fine frescoes, or hung with noble pictures. The university libraries are on a very large scale. The books are easily and readily accessible. Any book that one requires is found for one in an astonishingly short time, but access to the shelves, which is such an enormous convenience to the student in the University of Cambridge, is not usually allowed. One feature of the more modern libraries is that each professor has a room assigned to him within its walls. True, it is generally a small room, but it enables him to meet his pupils in the library, and to draw their attention to literature 'ancient and modern.' The libraries are open longer than with us — from 9 A.M. till 10 P.M. At a ladies' college we heard that the library was open night and day, so that if a student had a brilliant idea in the middle of the night, she could fling



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on her dressing-gown and fly down to the library to verify her references before she forgot all about it. Many of these libraries have special collections of books which are periodically sent for short periods to country centres, on somewhat the same system as the Local Lectures Syndicate at Cambridge loans books to local centres. A good example of such a circulating library is found in the McGill University at Montreal.

Some of the colleges occupy very large areas, for instance, at Vassar, at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, the campus contains more acres than there are lady students in the college, though there are many of them. This is by no means an isolated case. Princeton has lately bought up almost all the land between itself and the main railway line, and has recently excavated an artificial lake three miles long and in places three quarters of a mile wide with money provided by Mr. Carnegie. Many of the universities have gigantic stadia, capable of seating forty to sixty thousand onlookers, for athletics play a very considerable part in the life of an American university. Talent is got hold of, and, in some cases, perhaps not directly, is subsidized. Enormous crowds collect together to watch inter-university tests, and feeling runs very much higher than with us. Many alumni travel thousands of miles to watch these matches, and to add their voices to their college yell, which is considered to have a stimulating effect on the competing teams.

It should be understood that the Federal Government does not control education in the United States. To some extent it coördinates the educational systems of the different States, but the chief function of the Bureau of Education seems to be to issue reports — and very lengthy and able they often are — on the education of the whole country. At present it has little executive power, and the power controlling education in the United States is split up among forty-eight self-governing Commonwealths, or forty-nine if we include the District of Columbia, where alone the Federal Government has control. Each State provides by law elementary education at the public expense. Children generally enter the school at six or seven years of age and leave eight years afterwards. Further, in each State there are public secondary schools called high schools, which continue the education of the people for another four years; and it is these high schools that provide the bulk of the material for the universities. There is a recent and growing tendency for these schools to specialize and to train their students in 'vocational' courses. Further, there are 'normal schools' occupied with the training of teachers. Alongside these public institutions are numerous elementary schools, high schools, normal schools, and even colleges, which are associated with various religious sects. For instance, the Roman Catholics control the education of a million and a half students, and these non-public institutions are allowed perfect freedom by the laws of every State. Such a multiplicity of educational authorities necessarily implies great variety in the standards exacted, which is usually lower in the newer and western States than it is in the East.

One of the difficulties of understanding the American universities arises from the use of the word 'college' for very widely differing institutions. Till the middle of the nineteenth century America did not use the larger word 'university,' and was content with 'college.' Universities practically did not exist, or rather they existed, but were called colleges. The oldest of

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these was Harvard College, founded in 1636 by John Harvard of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who obtained immortality perhaps at a cheaper rate than any other human being, for his endowments only amounted to a few hundred pounds and a few books. These colleges were founded largely on the experience of Cambridge, and many of the first teachers came from East Anglia. At the beginning they were content with teaching classics, philosophy, and mathematics, and were in the main a training centre for the Ministry. Later other faculties arose.

Colleges developed into universities along three lines of evolution. While continuing to teach the 'liberal arts,' some advanced further and established special professional schools of theology, law, and medicine. Thus they became training grounds for professional men. Further, there was a considerable development in pure and applied science. The establishment of the degree of B.Sc. corresponded with the building up of schools of engineering and other strictly professional courses. But perhaps the principal change of the last fifty years has been the foundation of numerous post-graduate schools, largely moulded by German influence. The dedication of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore in 1867 to post-graduate study, and post-graduate study alone, gave an immense impetus to the development of higher learning and research. At the present day undergraduates are admitted within its walls, but this change does not meet with universal approval in Baltimore. These post-graduate schools provide courses leading to the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees.

The establishment of these special colleges or schools within a college is more or less a critical period of the metamorphosis of a college into a university. Princeton, which was only a college until comparatively recently, is regarded as justified in assuming the title of university, by the formation of its magnificent post-graduate school under the control of Dean West. With the growth of these graduate schools new subjects were introduced. Columbia University, for instance, offers the B.A. degree in forty-five different subjects, and other universities in almost as many.

The word college is also used by a very large number of institutions, some of them of considerable size, but as a rule smaller than the universities, but which play a large part in the education of the country. Some of these colleges still retain a close and restrictive connection with some religious denomination, but the gilded unsectarianism of Mr. Carnegie has done much to break this down. Against this secularization several of the Quaker colleges around Philadelphia have stood out, and characteristically have not suffered in pocket. One of the few educational institutions in America which has an English *clientèle* is the Quaker college of Haverford in Pennsylvania. Some of the leading Quakers in England regularly send their sons to Haverford for their college education.

In general the main difference between a college and a university may be expressed by saying that a college provides courses in the sciences and liberal arts which lead to a first degree, such as B.A. or B.Sc., whereas a university comprises one such college, and also several post-collegiate schools, the advanced studies of which lead to post-graduate degrees in arts, sciences, and professional subjects.

But, as already indicated, another striking difference between the college and the university is that of size. Colleges usually number from a hun-

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dred to five hundred, whereas, the university has many thousands of students. Hence individual attention is far more common in a college than in a university, and this may possibly account for the claim that the colleges have produced a larger *percentage* of really eminent men and prominent citizens in all walks of life than have the universities.

Members of an American college are passionately devoted to the institution which has nurtured them. They become almost fanatical champions and partisans of their collegiate homes, and generously attribute any success they achieve in after life to the training which they have received there.

In every State but one or two there are now established State universities where the education is said to be free — that is to say, the State pays for the teaching. The expenses of residence, clothes, food, books, college, and travel subscriptions to the various clubs, of course, fall on the student. The State legislatures control the expenditure of the university, and at Madison the professors of the State University of Wisconsin and the State legislators inhabit the same charming little city to their mutual and reciprocal advantage.

Growth of the State universities, which is marked in recent years, is not inimical to other universities in the same State. Rather it seems to benefit them by producing a healthy rivalry. There is, of course, a tendency in the State universities to specialize in directions which will most help the prosperity and the well-being of the State in which they are situate, and this is equally true of the civic universities, such as Cincinnati and others. The services of the staff of both State, civic, and endowed universities are very much more at the disposal of the community, or at any rate are more called upon than they would be in similar cases in Europe. The Federal Government frequently asks for and obtains the aid of the college and university presidents for international work. They are for a time 'seconded' and sent on special missions, or made for some years ambassadors at some important capital. For instance, President Angell, of the University of Michigan, was once ambassador at Constantinople, and once ambassador at Peking, and he further served as the head of a very important mission to Great Britain.

The medical schools in connection with the universities, such as we have seen at Harvard, in Cincinnati, and St. Louis, are the most wonderfully equipped that I have come across. What the young doctor does when he returns to practise in his village or small township, having been brought up in such institutions, it is difficult to understand. In the hospital he is trained in the very latest phase of scientific investigation and medical technique; at home these resources are denied him, even if his patient could afford them.

In many of the universities each student pays an annual tax of $5.00, which goes to form a Students' Medical Insurance Fund against disease or accidents. For this sum medical advice is given free, nursing is supplied free, and housing in a nursing-home, and special food for a limited period. Severe and lengthy cases are charged extra. In one of the State universities — Michigan — five full-time doctors were occupied in attending to the health and hygiene of the students, male and female.

Physical culture is carried on much more fully and universally than with us, and in the 'land grant' State universities army training is in force throughout the student's career.

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Schools of journalism are common in American universities, and some of them have a very large number of pupils. It is very common in the United States to meet men in very substantial positions who started life as journalists. Many of the reporters are charmingly dressed young ladies, which adds to the difficulties of evading an interview. Horticulture is taught on a large scale at some of the State universities, and classes in commerce are widely spread. Here accountancy, commercial law, stenography, typewriting, and a little history and French are taught, and these vocational studies are somewhat mitigated by the student having to take some classic English author. One friend of mine was at the University of Pennsylvania broadening his mind by reading the classical works of Stevenson and of Kipling, but, I regret to say, he did not think much of either of them. At the Northwestern University there is a School of Oratory, the products of which we had but little opportunity of testing.

At the American universities all ceremonial functions are carried out with great solemnity and dignity. The students take part in the proceedings and act as hosts to any distinguished guests that may be giving special lectures or receiving honorary degrees, and there is none of that humorous, but to the Public Orator trying, interruption of his stately periods. The whole of the proceedings are most carefully thought out and pre-ordained. There is always a University Marshal, generally one of the senior professors, who carries a baton, and arranges the procession. On these occasions the University Musical Club generally plays a conspicuous part, and very often in the large towns the civic musical societies lend their help.

American undergraduates are very democratic, but there is nothing very surprising about that. It is a common feature of all universities, even of the oldest, such as Bologna or Paris. What is surprising is the autocratic nature of the government in all their higher educational institutions, whereas, Oxford and Cambridge are so democratic that little or no progress can be made. In England every M.A. who keeps his name on the boards of his college — and these 'boards' actually exist in the form of long planks with the names inscribed in large letters — has a vote which he can use as he thinks fit. The body of these M.A.'s, amounting to some thousands, is the *governing body* of these ancient universities. In America each college has a president, though the title varies slightly. For instance, there is a Chancellor at the Washington University at St. Louis, and a Provost at the University of Pennsylvania. Above the president stand the trustees or regents, who practically control the finances of the university. These trustees are men of high standing either in the commercial or political world. It is a great honor to be a trustee of a university, and, however elected, the body is generally one of great distinction, and it works hard. Many of the lavish endowments which pour into these institutions are due to the activities of the trustees, who are expected to provide the necessary dollars. In the eastern universities the trustees generally coöpt new members. In the State universities some at least are elected by the people and at the same time as the legislature is chosen. It is a remarkable and rather regrettable feature that the Faculty is not represented on this governing body, for in effect the latter really does mould the policy of the institution over which it presides. The link between the trustees and the professors is the president.

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Sometimes on a small body of trustees, one multi-millionaire, by increasing or withdrawing his financial support, can control the whole policy of the college, and there are cases where the interference of the trustees has not worked for good in the interests of the college. The president of a college is as autocratic as the captain of a liner or the head boy of an English public school. He can make or unmake careers, and has a very large voice in the appointment, dismissal, and pay of the professors.

In each faculty or department of the university there is a Dean — not necessarily the most senior of the professoriate — and the deans play an important and conspicuous part in the organization of their institution. The deans have annual meetings, and, apparently, spend a good deal of time in discussing their presidents. None of the staff is paid sufficiently. As everywhere else, and as it has been for all time, education is the worst paid of all human professions. 'The cheapest thing going to-day,' says the Satirist, 'is education.' 'I pay my cook,' said Crates ironically, 'four pounds a year; but a philosopher can be hired for about sixpence and a tutor for three half-pence.' 'So to-day,' writes Erasmus, 'a man stands aghast at the thought of paying for his boy's education a sum which would buy a foal or hire a farm servant.' 'Frugality — it is another name for madness!' After 400 years the madness of Erasmus has not abated. The presidents themselves are not adequately remunerated, and though some have entertainment allowances, it would go hard with them if they had not other sources of income than those attached to their posts.

American universities are not hampered by tradition. They are willing to try new things, and if one experiment does not succeed they try another. For instance, Columbia University is so attracted by the success of the psychological tests used for entry into the American Air Force that it is proposing to give up its entrance examination, and to replace it by mechanical tests, which it claims will be able to show whether a boy is capable of profiting by a university education. The result of this experiment is likely to prove interesting, and it may possibly be extended. If it does show the capabilities of a boy who undergoes it, and thus saves the expense and worry of written and oral examinations, these might be done away with. One foresees only one danger in these physical tests. The American youth is so alert and quick that he not infrequently reacts before the stimulus is applied. The historical first-year students of the same university, which is never anything if not up-to-date, will in future be required to start history with a study of the Bolshevik disorders in the twentieth century and other present-day problems. Earlier periods will be studied afterwards, with particular reference to their bearing upon the events of to-day.

The average entrance age to an American university is about the same as in England, and the course is a little longer. Three to four years are taken for the B.A. degree; about three more for the M.A. There is a tendency to increase the length of time required for the professional degrees, such as those in law and medicine. A candidate who enters an American college or university is expected to have spent four years at a High School, and admission is given to such students as have obtained a given number of 'units.' A 'unit' roughly corresponds with a quarter of a year's study in any subject at one of these secondary

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schools, so that four years' study should produce sixteen such 'units.' A candidate has to produce evidence at most colleges or universities that he has completed fourteen or sixteen 'units,' and institutions requiring less than fourteen 'units' are not regarded as in the first class. Certain of the colleges and universities in the eastern States have coördinated their entrance qualifications under a College Entrance Examination Board, somewhat similar to that which exists in the northern universities of England. The standard of this Board is high, and a student is generally admitted by any of the eastern universities if he has passed the examination under the control of the Board in the subjects required by the college for entrance. Other universities, especially in the West and Middle West, and a few in the East, admit by certificate, this certificate being a statement from the headmaster of the school testifying as to the nature and amount of work done by the applicant. Such a certificate, if considered satisfactory, passes the candidate into the higher institution without further inquiry. The examination conducted by the Board is very complex, but the wind is tempered to the 'foreign' lamb, and foreigners, of whom there is a very large number being educated in the United States, receive concessions if they can show that they would really benefit by an advanced education.

Within the university the first-year men are 'freshmen,' the second-year men are 'sophomores,' a word which has fallen into desuetude in England. Third-year men are 'juniors,' and fourth-year men are 'seniors.'* There is a considerable and rather sharp cleavage between men of different years. For instance, in many of the luxurious clubs which in American universities, to some extent, replace the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, only 'juniors' and 'seniors' are eligible for election. A freshman in an English university is apt to look upon a second-year man as immeasurably older than himself, and far more experienced in the conduct of life. The same is equally true in America. There are certain initiatory ceremonies which the freshman undergoes. These vary in different universities, and any attempt to interfere with them is futile, though they are sometimes accompanied with a certain measure of roughness. But they all tend to weld the newcomers into a 'class,' and a class is a very important factor in American university life. If you mention you are a graduate in one of their institutions you are at once asked, 'What class?' and the class dates from the year when you entered college. The class hangs together throughout life. It has a periodical reunion at its old university, when it usually avails itself of the opportunity for dressing-up which is dear to all mankind, but somewhat more suppressed on the eastern than the western side of the Atlantic. At one of these reunions the class of a certain year will all appear dressed as cowboys; next year the next class will be dressed as Mexicans, and so on.

Gradually the freshmen sort themselves into their various studies and into their various clubs. There are fewer opportunities in an American university for the great mass of the students to engage in athletics, though the picked men are made even more of than with us. As there are no colleges, such as those of Oxford and Cambridge, there are no intercollegiate competitions. There are, however,

*Years ago I was watching the undergraduates scanning the lists of subjects and of lectures at Princeton for the coming year. After a summary and an impressed inspection I heard a sophomore say to a freshman, 'If we don't look out this Woodrow Wilson will turn our Princeton into a darned educational institution!'

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athletic contests between different classes. The rigor of the climate prevents outdoor exercise during a considerable part of the year. Unquestionably, one can play in the open air on more days in England than in the greater part of the States. This to some extent explains the perfection of the American indoor gymnasia. Even rowing is practised indoors in large tanks, where the boat is fixed, but the water travels.

Musical and Dramatic Clubs also abound, and the plays they produce are most admirably staged. It is far more frequent to meet an American student with a banjo or mandolin case under his arm than it is to meet an English undergraduate with a similar equipment. Their play and their music have a large part in the unofficial education of the young college men and maidens. In most of the colleges there is a permanent outdoor theatre, like that which Bradfield has made familiar to us in England.

The 'unit' system is continued throughout the university course. One of the most striking differences between English and American universities is that in the latter there is no honors course. At Oxford or Cambridge a man reading for a B.A. degree can pass Responsions and 'Mods' or the 'Previous,' and after that devote himself to an intensive study of one subject for the whole of his three years. In most of the American universities a considerable number of subjects are taken, and these are not followed very far, at any rate not so far as in our honors course. Another great difference is that there is no one final examination which admits to the B.A. degree. On the elective system so many 'units' a year are taken, and at the end of the year the student is examined on each of these, and these annual examinations count toward the final degree. The only difference between the third-year examination and that of the first or of the second year is that it is taken in different subjects. Another difference which is often deplored in the United States is that the examinations are conducted only by the teachers. External examiners are unknown, so that the student is apt to get up his teacher's lectures rather than the subject.

All the bigger universities have really magnificent clubs, where sleeping accommodation is provided as well as good libraries and good dining rooms. Some of these clubs, such as the Harvard Club at Boston, are very palatial, and most of the bigger eastern universities have stately clubhouses in New York. In many small towns, such as Madison, where hotel accommodation is limited, the University Clubs offer a cultivated and comfortable shelter for college men. In others, such as Lexington in Kentucky, the University Club is housed in part of a really magnificent hotel. Many of the students live in dormitories, or as we should call them, college buildings; but meals are not served there, and it is still the custom for students to take their meals at various dining rooms, and many students live and board in lodgings. Recently, however, enormous dining halls, some of them of great architectural dignity, have been springing up, and common meals are served there sometimes to as many as a thousand or twelve hundred students at a time.

Attendance at chapel varies in the different institutions. At Yale it is enforced, but enforced by an 'inviolable tradition that an institution of age and respectability hands down from the past to its youngest sons. The order is not of the faculty or powers above; far from it. It is the self-ordained task of the undergraduate.'

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Those universities which have the opportunity at their doorstep, are very devoted to rowing. Usually this is on a river, but at Princeton it takes place on the artificial lake already referred to, and at Madison on the charming lakes which encircle that very delightful little city. Track athletics, as the term runs, is also a favorite amusement, and the severity of the winter affords opportunities for skating and ice-boat competitions denied to the inhabitants of warmer countries. Football is a complete mystery to anyone who has not made an intensive study of American sports. There are all sorts of secret cries and code letters, and the captain directs the energies of his team by shouting mysterious cyphers which mean nothing to the outsider.

After graduation the alumnus seems to be even more passionately devoted to his university than he was while actually in residence in it. Apart from the large clubs already alluded to, there are innumerable associations, and in every town in America the members of one university get to know one another, and cling together like brothers. The 'class' system is a profound help in financing the universities. One 'class' will put up a dormitory, another will erect a new laboratory, and there is a strong spirit of inter-'class' rivalry, which is a great help to the financial management of their *alma mater*.

There are a number of subjects taught in American universities which are rarely found in educational institutions on this side of the Atlantic. Perhaps the commonest of these is dentistry. Large and fully-equipped dental colleges flourish in most of the endowed and State universities, and to these come men from all over the world. In the very heart of North America you will find students from Australia and South Africa, especially in the dental schools, where the professors take rank with those of other faculties. Veterinary science is also much followed, and in the agricultural schools, such as Ames in Iowa, they have an extremely complete course and fine laboratories devoted to the hygiene of the lower mammals. It was at Ames we came across a new discovery in vegetable pathology, which is likely to open a new chapter in the history of plant disease. One of the professors there has definitely shown that the 'curled leaf' which yearly destroys so many million of beetroots is due to some organism transmitted by an insect; and although this organism is ultra-microscopic and passes through the finest filters, it evidently undergoes some transformations, both in the body of the leaf and in the tissues of the beetroot. It behaves, in effect, very much like the invisible organism conveyed by the mosquito, which sets up yellow fever in man. Similar experiments have shown that similar causes produce a certain disease in the potato. This is conveyed also by an insect.

It would take too long to enter into the subject of secret letter societies, which are banned in some universities, and welcomed in others. There is a notion that the number of 'society men' in the colleges is decreasing, but at Yale at any rate this is not so. Forty years ago only some sixty per cent of a 'class' belonged to any society. Five years ago the percentage had risen to seventy-five. The initiation into these secret societies is kept profoundly dark, and although the members of some of them have distinctive pins or rings which they wear upon their waistcoats, ties, or watch-chains, it is considered to be the height of ill-breeding to make the faintest reference to them. Anyone interested in the matter can obtain

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some insight into it by reading the somewhat sombre and certainly prolix *Salt*, a novel which covers the ground of both the *Loom of Youth* and *Sinister Street*, but set in an American background. If *Salt* be a true account of what happens in the admission of a member of a secret society to his society, it would seem that our young American barbarians at play have learned something from the Red Indians of the past. On the whole, the students are by no means so noisy as they were in years gone by; and as in the older universities of our land, the traditional 'town and gown rows' have almost disappeared.

Many of the undergraduates earn their living and pay their way while passing through college. Some of the poorer — the Armenians and the Greeks — manage to scrape together enough to live on by pressing the clothes, and sometimes cleaning the boots, of their more financially-favored fellow students. Many students make enough to see them through term by waiting at summer resorts in the vacations. Sir Michael Foster once told me that, returning from a lecturing tour in California, he was stopping the night in Seattle, and was rather surprised when half-way through dinner the youth who was waiting on him, and who seemed to become suddenly aware whom he was serving, seized his hand and said, 'Professor, I am very glad to make your acquaintance! Many and many are the weary hours I have spent over your textbook.' The waiter in this case came from one of the eastern universities, and was paying his way through his course by waiting during the summer in Seattle. Others take care of some rich man's grounds, or stoke his furnaces. There is a strenuous desire to get a university degree, and men will sacrifice half their time to make enough money to spend the other half in preparing for their examinations. Another class often become secretaries or stenographers to the presidents or professors, and there is not that shyness in committing the conduct of the university politics to the students that obtains with us. Many obtain a livelihood by editing college papers. Some of them not only edit the journals, but set the type and print them.

There are, at present, nearly five thousand foreign students studying in American universities, and now that these institutions are making good in so many ways, one cannot but feel that the verse of Miss Mary Coleridge will become truer in a wider and larger sense:

> We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
> And the door stood open at our feast,
> When there passed by a woman with the West in her eyes,
> And a man with his back to the East.

For a while the world will wend westward.

The Edinburgh Review

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# TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF DEFOE

THE fear which attacks the recorder of centenaries lest he should find himself measuring a diminishing spectre and forced to foretell its approaching dissolution is not only absent in the case of *Robinson Crusoe* but the mere thought of it is ridiculous. It may be true that *Robinson Crusoe* is two hundred years of age upon the twenty-fifth of April, 1919, but, far from raising the familiar speculations as to whether people now read it and will continue to read it, the effect of the bi-centenary is to make us marvel that *Robinson Crusoe*, the perennial and immortal, should have been in existence so short a time as that. The book resembles one of those anonymous productions of the race rather than the effort of a single mind; and as for celebrating its centenary we should as soon think of celebrating the centenaries of Stonehenge itself. Something of this we may attribute to the fact that we have all had *Robinson Crusoe* read aloud to us as children, and were thus much in the same state of mind toward Defoe and his story that the Greeks were in toward Homer. It never occurred to us that there was such a person as Defoe, and to have been told that *Robinson Crusoe* was the work of an individual with a pen in his hand would either have disturbed us unpleasantly or meant nothing at all. The impressions of childhood are those that last longest and are most unyielding. It still seems that the name of Daniel Defoe has no right to appear upon the title page of *Robinson Crusoe*, and if we celebrate the bicentenary of the book we are making a slightly unnecessary allusion to the fact that, like Stonehenge and the Tower of London, it is still in existence.

The great fame of the book has done its author some injustice; for while it has given him a kind of anonymous glory it has obscured the fact that he was a writer of other works which, it is safe to assert, were not read aloud to us as children. Thus when the Editor of the *Christian World* in the year 1870 appealed to 'the boys and girls of England' to erect a monument upon the grave of Defoe, which a stroke of lightning had mutilated, the marble was inscribed to the memory of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. No mention was made of *Moll Flanders*. Considering the topics which are dealt with in that book, as in *Roxana*, *Captain Singleton*, *Colonel Jack*, and the rest, we need not be surprised, though we may be indignant, at the omission. We may agree with Mr. Wright, the biographer of Defoe, that these 'are not works for the drawing-room table.' But unless we consent to make that useful piece of furniture the final arbiter of taste, we must deplore the fact that their superficial coarseness, or the universal celebrity of *Robinson Crusoe*, has led them to be far less widely famed than they deserve. On any monument worthy of the name of monument the names of *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana*, at least, should be carved as deeply as the name of Defoe. They stand among the few English novels which we can call indisputably great. The occasion of the bi-centenary of their more famous companion may well lead us to consider in what their greatness, which has so much in common with his, may be found to consist.



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Born in the year 1661, Defoe did not begin to write his histories and memoirs — for he deprecated the name of novel or romance — until 1719, when he was sixty years of age. Even so he was by many years the predecessor of Richardson and Fielding, and might lay claim to be one of the first to give the novel the shape which it now wears. But it is unnecessary to labor the fact of his precedence, except that he came to his novel-writing with certain conceptions about the art which he derived partly from being himself one of the first to practise it. The novel had to justify its existence by telling a true story and preaching a sound moral. 'This supplying a story by invention is certainly a most scandalous crime,' he wrote. 'It is a sort of lying that makes a great hole in the heart, in which by degrees a habit of lying enters in.' Either in the preface or in the text of each of his works, therefore, he takes pains to insist that he has not used his invention at all but has depended upon facts, and that his purpose has been the highly moral desire to convert the vicious or to warn the innocent. Happily, these were principles that tallied very well with his natural disposition and endowments. Facts had been drilled into him by sixty years of varying fortunes before he turned his experience to account in fiction. 'I have some time ago summed up the Scenes of my life in this distich,' he wrote:

> No man has tasted differing fortunes more
> And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

He had spent eighteen months in Newgate and talked with thieves, pirates, highwaymen, and coiners before he wrote the history of Moll Flanders. But to have facts thrust upon you by dint of living and accident is one thing; to swallow them voraciously and retain the imprint of them indelibly, as if they had a particular significance, is another. It is not merely that Defoe knew the stress of poverty and had talked with the victims of it, but that the unsheltered life, exposed to circumstances and forced to shift for itself, appealed to him imaginatively as the right matter for his art. In the first pages of each of his great novels he reduces his hero or heroine to such a state of unfriended misery that their existence must be a continued struggle, and their survival at all the result of luck and their own exertions. Moll Flanders was born in Newgate of a criminal mother; Captain Singleton was stolen as a child and sold to the gypsies; Colonel Jack, though 'born a gentleman, was put 'prentice to a pickpocket'; Roxana starts under better auspices, but, having married at fifteen, she sees her husband go bankrupt and is left with five children in 'a condition the most deplorable that words can express.'

Thus each of these boys and girls has the world to begin and the battle to fight for himself. The situation thus created was entirely to Defoe's liking. From her very birth or with half a year's respite at most, Moll Flanders, the most notable of them, is goaded by 'that worst of devils, poverty,' forced to earn her living as soon as she can sew, driven from place to place, making no demands upon her creator for the subtle domestic atmosphere which he was unable to supply, but drawing upon him for all he knew of strange people and customs. From the outset the burden of proving her right to exist is laid upon her. She has to depend entirely upon her own wits and judgment, and to deal with each emergency as it arises by a rule-of-thumb morality which she has forged in her own head. The briskness of the story is due partly to the fact

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that having transgressed the accepted laws at a very early age she has henceforth the freedom of the outcast. The one impossible event is that she should settle down in comfort and security. But from the first the peculiar genius of the author asserts itself, and avoids the obvious danger of the novel of adventure. He makes us understand that Moll Flanders was a woman on her own account and not only material for a succession of adventures. In proof of this she begins, as Roxana also begins, by falling passionately, if unfortunately, in love. That she must rouse herself and marry someone else and look very closely to her settlements and prospects is no slight upon her passion, but to be laid to the charge of her birth; and, like all Defoe's women, she is a person of robust understanding. But, since she makes no scruple of telling lies when they serve her purpose, there is something undeniable about her truth when she speaks it. She has no time to waste upon the refinements of personal affection; one tear is dropped, one moment of despair allowed, and then 'on with the story.' She has a spirit that loves to breast the storm. She delights in the exercise of her own powers. When she discovers that the man she has married in Virginia is her own brother, she is violently disgusted; she insists upon leaving him; but, as soon as she sets foot in Bristol, 'I took the diversion of going to Bath, for as I was still far from being old so my humor, which was always gay, continued so to an extreme.' Heartless she is not, nor can anyone charge her with levity; but life delights her, and a heroine who lives has us all in tow. Moreover, her ambition has that slight strain of imagination in it which puts it in the category of the noble passions. Shrewd and practical of necessity, she is yet haunted by a desire for romance and for the quality which to her perception makes a man a gentleman. 'It was really a true gallant spirit he was of, and it was the more grievous to me. 'T is something of relief even to be undone by a man of honor rather than by a scoundrel,' she writes when she had misled a highwayman as to the extent of her fortune. It is in keeping with this temper that she should be proud of her final partner because he refuses to work when they reach the plantations but prefers hunting, and that she should take pleasure in buying him wigs and silver-hilted swords 'to make him appear, as he really was, a very fine gentleman.' Her very love of hot weather is in keeping, and the passion with which she kissed the ground that her son had trod on, and her noble tolerance of every kind of fault so long as it is not 'complete baseness of spirit, imperious, cruel, and relentless when uppermost, abject and low-spirited when down.' For the rest of the world she has nothing but good will.

Since the list of the qualities and graces of this seasoned old sinner is by no means exhausted, we can well understand how it was that Borrow's apple woman on London Bridge called her 'blessed Mary' and valued her book above all the apples on her stall; and that Borrow taking the book deep into the booth read till his eyes ached. But we dwell upon such signs of character only by way of proof that the creator of Moll Flanders was not, as he has been accused of being, a mere journalist and literal recorder of facts with no conception of the nature of psychology. It is true that his characters take shape and substance of their own accord, as if in despite of the author and not altogether to his liking. He never lingers or stresses any point of subtlety or pathos, but presses on imperturbably as if they came there

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without his knowledge. A touch of imagination, such as that when the Prince sits by his son's cradle and Roxana observes how 'he loved to look at it when it was asleep,' seems to mean much more to us than to him. After the curiously modern dissertation upon the need of communicating matters of importance to a second person lest, like the thief in Newgate, we should talk of it in our sleep, he apologizes for his digression. He seems to have taken his characters so deeply into his mind that he lived them without exactly knowing how; and, like all unconscious artists, he leaves more gold in his work than his own generation was able to bring to the surface.

Admitting that Defoe would have been the first to deny any more elaborate philosophy than his explicit desire to convert and to warn, we cannot lay aside *Moll Flanders* or *Roxana* without suspecting that the matter is far more complex than he allowed. Turning novelist at the age of sixty, having, as he said, 'seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth,' and acted a bold part in practical affairs, Defoe could not paint a flat unshaded picture of human life with the colors of good and evil unmixed and distinct, however sincerely he attempted it. Thus it comes about that we admire Moll Flanders far more than we blame her. Nor can we believe that Defoe had made up his mind as to the precise degree of her guilt, or was unaware that in considering the lives of the abandoned he raised many deep questions and hinted, if he did not state, answers quite at variance with his professions of belief. From the evidence supplied by his essay upon the *Education of Women* we know that he had thought deeply and much in advance of his age upon the capacities of women, which he rated very high, and the injustice done to them, which he rated very harsh.

> I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence; which I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves.

The advocates of women's rights would hardly care, perhaps, to claim Moll Flanders and Roxana among their patron saints; and yet it is clear that Defoe not only intended them to speak some very modern doctrines upon the subject, but placed them in circumstances where their peculiar hardships are displayed in such a way as to elicit our sympathy. Courage, said Moll Flanders, was what women needed, and the power to 'stand their ground'; and at once gave practical demonstration of the benefits that would result. But Roxana supplies a subtler illustration of the difficult position in which a woman might find herself, and what new thoughts might be bred in her of the crisis. She is of the same profession as Moll Flanders, but in a more exalted sphere; she does not need to mend her fortunes by stealing. Among her entanglements is one with a merchant of Paris who proposes to marry her. She refuses on the ground that she would then become his slave, whereas, at present she keeps her freedom. But if we love each other, he asks, how can there be question of slavery? 'Ay,' she cried. 'The pretense of affection takes from a woman everything that can be called herself'; and she treats him to a vehement disquisition upon the case of the wife who has surrendered everything on this plea 'to be engulphed in misery and beggary.' He then implores her to marry him for the sake of their unborn child. She returns that 'if the woman

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marries the man afterwards she bears the reproach of it to the last hour.' It is better to part; 'there is an end of the crime, and an end of the clamor.' After considering this argument the merchant replies 'that I had started a new thing in the world; . . . it was a way of arguing contrary to the general practice.' Roxana, indeed, excites our sympathy more than some of her successors, because she is blessedly unconscious that she is in any good sense an example to her sex and is thus at liberty to own that part of her argument is 'of an elevated strain which really was not in my thoughts at first, at all.' The knowledge of her own frailties and the honest questioning of her own motives which that knowledge begets have the happy result of keeping her fresh and human, when the martyrs and pioneers of so many problem novels have shrunken and shriveled to the pegs and props of their respective creeds.

But the claim of Defoe upon our admiration does not rest upon the fact that he can be shown to have anticipated some of the views of Meredith, or to have written scenes which might have been turned into plays by Ibsen. Whatever his ideas upon the position of women, they are an incidental result of his chief virtue, which is that he deals with the important and lasting side of things and not with the passing and trivial. He is often dull; he can imitate the matter-of-fact precision of a scientific traveler until we wonder that his pen could trace or his brain conceive what has not even the excuse of truth to soften its dryness; he leaves out the whole of nature and a large part of humanity. All this we may admit, though we have to admit defects as grave in many writers whom we call great. But that does not impair the peculiar merit of what remains. Having at the outset limited his scope and confined his ambitions, he achieves a kind of truth which is far rarer and more enduring than the truth of fact which he professed to make his aim. Moll Flanders and her friends recommended themselves to him, not because they were, as we should say, picturesque; nor because they were examples of evil living by which the public might profit. It was their natural veracity, bred in them by a life of hardship, that excited his interest. For them there were no excuses; no kindly shelter obscured their motives. Poverty was their taskmaster. Defoe did not pronounce more than a judgment of the lips upon their failings. But their courage and resource and tenacity delighted him. He found their society full of good talk, and pleasant stories, and faith in each other, and morality of a home-made kind. Their fortunes had that infinite variety which he praised and relished and beheld with wonder in his own life. These men and women, above all, were free to talk openly of the passions and desires which have moved men and women since the beginning of time, and thus even now they keep their vitality undiminished. Even the sordid subject of money, which plays so large a part in their histories, becomes not sordid but tragic when it stands, not for ease and social dignity, but for honor, honesty, and life itself. You may object that Defoe is humdrum, but never that he is engrossed with petty things.

He belongs, indeed, to the school of the great plain writers, whose work is founded upon a knowledge of what is most persistent though not most seductive in human nature. The view of London from Hungerford Bridge, gray, serious, massive, and full of the subdued stir of traffic and business, prosaic if it were not for the masts of

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the ships and the towers and domes of the city, brings him to mind. The tattered girls with violets in their hands at the street corners, and the old weather-beaten women patiently displaying their matches and bootlaces beneath the shelter of arches, seem like characters from his books. He is of the school of Borrow and of Crabbe, and not merely a fellow pupil in the same stern place of learning, but its founder and master.

The Times

# THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING

BY R. W. MacKENNA

The art of letter-writing is a gift of the gods, but, fortunately, it is a talent which has been distributed with no grudging hand. As with all arts, there are degrees in its mastership, and it is given only to a few to excel.

Madame de Sévigné and Lord Chesterfield have no modern compeers; but, as the writers of fascinating epistles, they have many rivals among our soldiers, and, were it not for those necessary, but irksome, restrictions under which the correspondence of the trenches is conducted, the future historian would have at his command an immense quantity of vivid, living narrative by which to correct the perspective of the official documents upon which he must rely for his knowledge of events. Unfortunately, the censor's definition of 'matters of military importance,' is so comprehensive that, when a soldier lets himself go, and, hot from the mouth of the Inferno, flings his glowing thoughts and the quick picture of his experiences into lively and sparkling language, the hard, impassive, unimaginative official pencil obliterates it all, and the letter reaches its destination emasculate and cold. So, by harsh experience, the soldier learns to steady his pen when official 'secrets' race fleet-foot to its point, and nowadays it is the rarest event to come across any vital reference to things which matter. In strictly military circles this may be a matter for congratulation, but, from the point of view of literature and history, it is a calamity.

In common with all other medical officers attached to a hospital abroad, it has fallen to my lot to censor many letters, and the experience has taught me a great deal. At first, the duty is, frankly, an unpleasant one. One feels that one is, in some sort, an eavesdropper listening to an intimate conversation between two friends. This feeling is accentuated when one is censoring letters from a man to his wife, or from a young soldier to his sweetheart. These letters are often very sacred things, written for one pair of eyes alone, and after a few days of experience one gets into the habit of passing a hawk-like, swift glance over them to see that no place-names or impending military operations are mentioned, and passing them unread. I know that many women at home bitterly resent the knowledge that the

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little tender things their husbands may have written to them have been seen by other eyes as well; but let them be comforted: there is no personal element in the censor's scrutiny; he does not know them, they do not know him, his memory is probably short, and a sense of honor binds him.

In spite of — or is it because of the universality of education? — a strange similarity marks a majority of the letters. But sometimes one comes across an exotic flower. It is not always the work of a man whose grammar is perfect, or whose spelling is above suspicion, but it bears upon it the impress of originality, of fresh thought, and of the personality that lies behind it. The best letters are always those which reveal the writer: they are living epistles. It is a great thing to be able to pour one's personality through the point of a pencil on to a sheet of paper. In that way literary genius lies, and more than one of our soldiers have the gift, and are completely unaware of it.

It is said that an aspiring small boy, eager to enter the navy, once on a time astonished the highly moral 'hanging committee' at the Admiralty by answering the presiding Admiral's question as to why he desired to join the Senior Service by replying, with enthusiasm, 'Because, sir, a sailor has a wife in every port.' If that is a true statement, which as a heart-whole admirer of the navy I take leave to doubt, then many who are at present wearing the uniform of the army ought to be in the Senior Service. For not once, but many times, I have come across letters warm with affection and couched in endearing terms from the same gay philanderer to three or four, or even half a dozen, different girls. Sometimes these letters are in almost identical terms; more than once they have been to young women living in the same town. I have a great admiration for the bravery of the British soldier, but a man like this is a cut above the ordinary military hero. He is a person of stupendous courage; and, like all other brave men, of simple faith, for he is relying absolutely on the chance that the busy censor does not make a mistake, and put the letter meant for Amy into the envelope addressed to Mary, or *vice versa*. He is also giving hostages to fortune, should, by any chance, the two young women get to know each other, and compare notes. Although I imagine I know a little feminine psychology, I am at a loss to tell whether in such circumstances they would fall upon each other with heated words, if not with iron fists, or whether they would combine to keep a specially lissom rod in pickle for this gay deceiver when he returns from the wars. He well deserves the worst they can do to him, for such a man is, wittingly or unwittingly, playing a low game. There would be no harm in such a correspondence were the letters nothing more than the friendly effusions of a lonely man to a handful of girl friends; but when he tells them severally that each of them is 'the only girl in the world' for him, it is, well — in the language of the army, 'a bit thick.'

A fellow officer assures me that in one morning he censored nine letters — all breathing affection for nine separate girls — from the same man. I wonder if Shakespeare ever acted as a censor of letters, or whether his knowledge that 'men were deceivers ever' was evolved from his inner consciousness.

Sometimes there is artifice and self-seeking in a correspondence of this kind. An early experience of mine was to come across a most romantic letter



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from a soldier to a girl whom he did not know. It began 'Dear friend,' and then went on to say that the writer was unknown to her, but had picked up a letter with her name and address in it on the battlefield, and was taking the liberty, which he trusted she would excuse, of writing to her. Now, an element of romance like this — the finding of a letter of hers on the battlefield by an unknown soldier — would naturally tend to excite the interest of any woman in her correspondent. He was an artist in guile, this youth, for he ended his epistle by saying, 'You will excuse my writing to you; but I am a lonely soldier, without any friends to write to me, or send me cigarettes.' My interest was excited when, next day, I came across two other letters from the same industrious scribe to two other young women. He began in the same way, but pitched a somewhat different tale. In one case he told the young woman that he had found her photograph, with her name upon it, on the battlefield. And then he had the effrontery to say, 'I like your face.' If she had known as much about him as I was beginning to do she might have said, 'I like your cheek.' Both letters ended with the same plaintive statement about his loneliness, his lack of correspondence, and of cigarettes.

I began to smell a rat, and carefully laid these letters aside to await developments. Rope being allowed him, he duly hanged himself next day, for in the pile of letters that awaited my scrutiny there were no less than four all from the same master-hand. In two he played the battlefield-letter dodge, in the third the photograph trick, but in the fourth he caught his neck in the noose. Practice had evidently emboldened him, for he wrote to the sister of another patient in his own ward. He began as before, 'Dear friend,' and then proceeded to say that he had got her address from her brother, and was writing to her without his knowledge and hoped she would not let her brother know, etc., as he might not like it, because he was a brave fellow who believed in keeping his troubles to himself. But he felt she ought to know how ill her brother was: that he was completely paralyzed in both legs, and could do practically nothing for himself, but that he waited on him hand and foot 'as one pal should on another.' And then he ended up this masterpiece of cruel and artful lying with the same mournful pleas about being a lonely soldier 'with nobody to write to me or send me cigarettes.' I think he must have imagined that his letters were censored by the padre, and not by the medical officer of his ward, or he would never have dared to give an entirely fictitious account of the girl's brother, who had nothing more seriously wrong with him than an attack of bronchitis.

I sent for this past-master in the art of the begging letter, and, after tackling him with his duplicity, and handing him six of his letters which he destroyed in my presence, I 'dressed him down' with as rough a tongue as I could muster. He professed contrition, and said he had only done it 'for a lark,' without meaning any harm. He informed me that he had procured the names and addresses of the girls to whom he indited his letters from other patients in the ward, some of whom, I imagine, were his accomplices in the attempted fraud. At heart I believe he was a quite good fellow — but with a somewhat unprincipled streak of romance in his constitution. In some walks of life — say company promoting — he would doubtless have attained to eminence.

I remember a curious, sour-faced soldier, in middle life, who wrote to his

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wife every day. He invariably began his epistle with the words:

My darling wife,

I take up my pen in my hand to write you these few loving lines, hoping they will find you well, leaving me not so bad.

And then followed the 'few loving lines' which consisted, day after day, of the most acrid and vituperative language he could command. There was evidently a lively domestic row in progress; but he ended each round as he invariably began the next with words of conventional affection. I wonder how this poor wife enjoyed 'the loving lines.' Unless she were hardened by custom they must sometimes have stung like a whip-lash.

Even the most casual scrutiny of the letters of the married men gives one delightful peeps into the sunny atmosphere of happy homes. There is hope for the social life of England if its homes are pure, and these simple, cheerful, uncomplaining, and heartening letters show that at bottom the family life of England is all right. The men display a fine tenderness and affection for their children. Usually they mention each by name and send some particular little individual message, and invariably the letter ends with an inverted pyramid of crosses, which, I understand, represent kisses. Opposite each line is placed the name of the recipient. Mother, of course, comes first — hers is the longest line; then Mary, with a line a little shorter, and Susie and George, each in diminishing quantity until the apex of the pyramid is reached, and two are found there for Baby. One can imagine the fond mother picking up her mites one by one, and showing them the crosses that stand for daddy's kisses, and then, with a beating heart, converting these symbols into the warm coin of the realm of love. That the children are jealous of their rights is shown from a sentence I remember from one letter. Evidently Father had, like a man, forgotten that Mary was older than Susie, and had sent the latter two more kisses than the former; and there had been sore trouble and a very wounded heart in the little home in Blighty. And, when in due course, this offense was pointed out to daddy, he wrote, 'I am sorry I forgot, and sent two more kisses for Susie than for Mary. I must be more careful. I am sending Mary two extra ones this time.' And there they were — throwing the pyramid a little out of drawing, but meaning so much to a little child somewhere in the homeland.

Letters are the one strong link that keep the affections of a soldier abroad riveted to his home. The links are golden, but they are firm as steel.

Sometimes one dips right into the middle of a heated correspondence between two men, and one can see the sword flash, and hear the clatter of blade on blade. Or, again, one is reminded that the ranks of the army contain the pick of the intellect of the country. I have come across, and read with profound interest, a long and carefully-thought-out argument for the existence of God, written by a man who is at present an ordinary soldier, to a friend who was apparently uncertain of what to believe. Written, as this must have been, away from all books of reference, it was a *tour de force*, and revealed the remarkable powers of logical reasoning possessed by its writer. I should have liked to discover his identity, but his letter gave no clue to that, as the whole signature it boasted was an initial. But the recipient would know.

Love's fire burns brightly in spite of all the horrors of war, and, as a majority of our soldiers are young unmarried men our daily post-bag contains many letters to their sweethearts. The old,

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old tale is told in a thousand ways. No military secrets ever find their way into these missives, so let us pass them by, and refrain from thrusting rude fingers into these little nests of fledgling hopes.

I have had Fijian letters to censor, but that language is to me a closed book; they were handed on to an officer of the Fijian battalion.

But the letters of the British West Indian soldiers are among the most amusing I have met with. These West Indian negroes are a curious mixture of child and man. Some of them are very well educated, and can write remarkably good letters. Where the education has been limited or defective their letters are, to say the least of it, quaint. The writers show a passionate love for big words which they cannot spell, and whose meaning they do not quite understand. They frequently succeed in achieving a picturesque novelty of phrase. They tend to be flowery, and they sprinkle their epistles over with half-remembered verses of hymns, or inappropriate and inapposite texts from the Bible in careless profusion. And, sometimes, they spin wonderful yarns of the dangers they have come through before they have even been within sound of the guns.

In winter-time a regiment landed in the North of France and traveled by rail several hundred miles through country covered with snow. One of them, writing to his father, said, 'I saw the snow. It was very white. I walked in it.' He had! — or he would not have come under my care. With many more of his fellows, he had taken off boots and stockings and jumped into the snow at a railway siding to see what it was like. Pardonable curiosity; but it meant frost-bitten feet. And then, with that curious, inconsequential religiosity which is the breath of their nostrils, he added, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' Once they had seen it, snow interested them greatly, and they made many references to it in their letters. Evidently they desired to impress upon their friends at home the fact that they were having unique experiences; but, as in the case of their references to shot and shell, their statements about the snow were not always accurate. On a particularly hot day, when most of us were gasping for breath, one of them wrote: 'Dear brother, it is very cold here; it is snowing hard to-day.'

One man wrote to his wife, and addressed her as 'Most political and perlite Mrs.' He was obviously a diplomatist, and will go far.

Another, writing to his clergyman at home — long before he had been anywhere near the fighting line — said: 'And all us B.W.I. regimens are fighting hard amid shot an' shell for the King of kings. But, thank God, we'll soon be entering the Hallelujah Harbor: Amen.'

Another, with unintentional humor, wrote: 'And the Lord looked down upon me, and the doctor drew water out of my knee.'

They love the flowery phrase: 'basking' is a pet word of theirs, but it hardly seems in its right place here:

Dear friend,

I hope this line fines you as it leaves me basking in the Shadow of Death.

They are comprehensive in their greetings to their friends, every letter containing three or four lines of messages, such as 'Say howdie* to my Granny and my Aunt Silvia and Uncle John William; and howdie to my Cousin Tom, and howdie to Jack Smith and Mary, and howdie a-plenty to all my friends.'

But one careful man, not too prodigal with his affections, writing to his

*Probably a corruption of 'Howdye do?'.

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father, said, 'Give my love to all who are worthy of it.' He was more general in his affection, though less lavish of it, than the man who wrote, 'Kisses for you, my dear sweet child, five thousand.'

The following is a representative specimen given me by a colleague. As the reference to the doctor applies to him, I do not hesitate to reproduce it. It is true:

*To Mrs. Smith, Esqre.*

Dear Mrs. Smith,

I'm trusting that the arrivaling of my few lines to your loving hand may meat the home circle enjoying health, not as it leaves me at present, sick with chest. This is to inform you that I arrive safe and had a fine time on rout to France. I had three days then traveling by train to my destination in line. [He had not yet been near the line.] Exprences I had of various places and how nice the French people are. Well, the hospital which I'm into the nurses are very nice and kind too expressly to the B.W.I. I has a very kind-hearted doctor. I likes him very much for his ways.

The Cornhill Magazine

One memory remains clearly imprinted upon one's mind amid the cloud of general impressions that one carries away from the censor's duty, and that is of the indomitable cheerfulness of the British soldier. His spirits are like a strong steel spring which recovers rapidly from any strain or stress, and which no ordinary calamity can break. He may grouse a bit — who would n't under similar conditions? — but behind all his grousing there is a smile, and, whether he will or no, that smile keeps breaking into his letters.

On the battlefield he has shown the grit that is in him, but in his letters he unconsciously lets one peep into his soul. And the sight of the things there may well make us proud of our fellow countrymen.

# PRIMROSE

BY VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS

So is the primrose breath a far-off sweetness;
Moon draws through pools of day
A like unsearchable gleam; immortal lovers
Have trod this mortal way.

The darkness is a nameless hand laid lightly
On trembling lids of sleep.
O kindly hand, that with the darkness gathers
The odors of the deep.

Root of an earthly glade, O deathly primrose,
Thy flower, thy deathless part,
Untasted Spring upon a grave of Autumn
Is heaped against my heart.

The Athenæum

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## THE SOCIALIZATION OF AGRICULTURE IN GERMANY

BY FRANZ BEHRENS

SINCE socialization is to be extended to agriculture, it is worth while discussing to what extent it may, with advantage to the community, be introduced into this highly important branch of economics. It must be recognized at once that in the interests of the public food supply the productive capacity of agriculture must not be diminished below that of pre-war days by socialization, but must rather be increased. But this productive capacity depends largely upon the provision of the requisite labor. Accordingly, socialization in agriculture must first and foremost deal with the position of the workers. As regards workers' insurance, the agricultural laborer must not occupy a position inferior to that of his colleague in industries, *i.e.*, he must have a right to vote in the Provincial Sick Pay Offices and, in addition, the provisions of the Imperial Insurance Act, which enact that the local wage is the basic loan, that maternity grants are restricted to four weeks, and that the average annual earnings from the basis for assessing accident annuities, must be rescinded. In order speedily to settle disputes arising out of the labor contract, Provincial Labor Courts, after the pattern of the Industrial Courts, must be established. An Order of the Imperial Labor Bureau has already occasioned workers' committees to be set up for all agricultural concerns employing at least twenty hands, but it seems desirable to develop these committees by extending their powers. Moreover, a further goal attained is the establishment of conciliation boards for general wage and labor disputes. The Order of December 23, 1918, gives a practicable basis for a system of wage-scale agreements, but these, as far as putting them into practice goes, are still in their infancy in agriculture. None the less, the drafting of a suitable Provincial Labor Act must be one of the first tasks of the Legislature. Agricultural laborers now possess an unlimited right to combine, but the situation is anything but satisfactory, and what is required is an assured right to combine, together with arbitration procedure and compulsory negotiations. The statutory representation of agricultural laborers must be secured by reorganizing the Chambers of Agriculture in such a way that land-owners and agricultural laborers throughout the country may become members of the Joint Labor Councils in process of development.

In the circumstances it will then be necessary to establish a Central Imperial Office for those interested in agriculture. Whether it is desirable to create an Imperial Ministry for Agriculture is a matter which may be left for the present. But if an Imperial National Economic Council is established, it is eminently necessary that agriculture, including owners and workers, should be amply represented in it. It is not sufficient, if the popular food supply is not going to suffer, to regard agriculture in future as a branch of industry, but consideration must be shown to it corresponding to its special importance and its peculiar nature. Another tendency of socializa-



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tion is to give the workers a share in the management of the business and in its yield. But as regards small farms, the impossibility of such procedure needs no special emphasis, and even in large farms such coöperation is out of the question. Should such powers be conferred upon the workers' committees endless disputes would arise.

Matters are, however, otherwise with the participation of the workers in the yield of the business, for that would give the worker a lively interest in the agricultural price policy and all those matters of agrarian policy bound up with it. The agricultural laborer's share in the profits, whether in the shape of a participation in the net or gross profits, is bound to play an important rôle in future. It is, however, difficult to see how this question, which is closely connected with wage-scale agreements, will develop. Systematic intervention by the State must be avoided in view of the peculiar and varied nature of the industry, and the settlement of the question must be left to the trade organization. It is a matter for discussion whether land used for agriculture and agricultural concerns could be socialized, *i.e.*, handed over into the hands of the State or the community without prejudice to the general welfare and the people's food supply. The land must, in any such discussion, be separated from actual agricultural operations, for agriculture can be carried on with equal success no matter whether the farmer or the State is owner of the land. The deciding factor is the security of the farmer's tenure, and private ownership is the best security for permanent tenure. There are other forms of tenure, *e.g.*, leases, etc., but it is certain that the possibility of the yield of land suffers when the land often changes hands either by sale or transference of the lease. The question of transferring agricultural holdings into the hands of the community is not so much one of the socialization of agriculture as of State or Communal finance, *i.e.*, a question in which form agricultural property contributes most to the State.

The transference of an agricultural concern, especially of the means of carrying it on, *e.g.*, machinery, implements, livestock, seed fertilizers, etc., to the hands of the community is a monstrous idea. All socialization is an increase of bureaucracy, and that in the case of agriculture is particularly objectionable because it is opposed to its innate characteristics. Agriculture cannot be carried on by a committee; it demands an intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of the land and of the climate and a suitable division of labor. Unless the manager of a farm possesses initiative and a personal interest in the farm, it will never be carried on successfully to the benefit of the national economic system.

In the interest of the return of ordered conditions in agriculture and the security of the national food supply bound up with it, the Imperial Government ought to inform the public what it understands by the socialization of agriculture and to what extent it means to carry out its ideas. On the other hand, it is equally desirable that agriculturists should examine the question of socialization in all seriousness and with open minds in order that light may soon be thrown upon a difficult subject.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

## BRITISH IRON-ORE RESOURCES

BY H. LOUIS

One of the most marked effects of the war has been the stimulus that it has given to the development of the

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mineral resources of the British Empire, and particularly of those of Great Britain. For many reasons the more active exploitation of our home iron ores has been one of the most prominent features of this movement. Up to the invention of the Bessemer process the iron industry of this country depended practically exclusively upon domestic ores, the bulk of the ores smelted being the claybands and blackbands of the Coal Measures; in addition to these the red hæmatites of the Mountain Limestone of the West Coast and some of the Jurassic ironstones were also worked, but up to about 1870 the iron-ore deposits of the Palæozoic rocks formed the mainstay of our British iron industry. When the Bessemer process introduced mild steel as an important factor in the industry, the relatively small production of West Coast hæmatite no longer sufficed for our needs, and as many of our centres of iron smelting are situated within easy access of the coast, Bessemer ores were naturally looked for abroad, and an energetic importation of foreign ores ensued. Bilbao ore was first imported about 1870, and by 1878, after the Carlist War, this importation had reached 850,000 tons; in 1913 the importation from Spain, to which Almeria and other parts of Spain contributed as well as Bilbao, was 4,500,000 tons, while our total imports from abroad, by far the greater part of which was Bessemer ore, amounted to about 7,500,000 tons. The domestic ore production was 16,000,000 tons, of which about 12,000,000 tons came from the Jurassic ironstones. The growth in the output of these last-named ores was due in large measure to the increasing adoption of the basic process of steel-making. When the war rendered the importation of foreign ores difficult and expensive, our iron and steel industry had to rely more and more upon basic steel produced from the latter class of ore. This development has been favored by the grudging recognition that for most purposes basic steel properly made is as good as acid, and, furthermore, by the abandonment by the Board of Agriculture of the so-called citric acid test for basic slag in favor of its valuation by the total phosphoric acid present; this means that, whereas, under the former 'made in Germany' test thousands of tons of British basic slag had to be dumped out at sea as unsalable, such slag can now be utilized and its phosphoric acid contents rendered available for the British agriculturist. At the same time, the British steel trade now has a market opened up for what was before a waste product.

One of the signs of the increasing interest taken in domestic ores is the attention that is being devoted to the study of our iron-ore resources. Apart from some earlier descriptions of British iron ores, which have to-day at most only an historical interest, the first attempt at a real estimate of our iron-ore resources was that published by the present writer in the important treatise issued by the Eleventh International Geological Congress at Stockholm in 1910. This showed for the first time the magnitude of Britain's iron-ore reserves, and attracted much attention on the Continent; it would be interesting to speculate how far it may have contributed toward Germany's intention to bring about the war, one of the main motives of which was Germany's desire to obtain possession of the French iron-ore fields and thus to outstrip all competition by commanding far the largest iron-ore supplies of Europe. The principal value of the above-named estimate to-day lies in the fact that it has formed the basis of newer and more accurate estimates. Since the beginning of the

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war three important contributions to our knowledge of our own iron-ore resources have appeared, each under the auspices of a government department — it need scarcely be added, having regard to our characteristic British methods, a different department in each case, working independently of the others. Nothing could be more eloquent of the need for a central administration, coördinating such efforts and avoiding useless duplication of work. The first was the now well-known report on the resources and production of iron ores, etc., by Mr. G. C. Lloyd, issued by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which appeared in May, 1917, a second revised and enlarged edition being issued toward the end of the same year.

In the spring of this year an important paper was read by Dr. F. H. Hatch before the Iron and Steel Institute by permission of the Controller of Iron and Steel Production, Ministry of Munitions, the data for this having been collected by Dr. Hatch working for that Ministry. It deals with the Jurassic ironstones of the United Kingdom, and, as has already been shown, these constitute by far the most important of the British iron resources from the economic point of view. The deposits dealt with comprise the Northamptonshire, Cleveland, Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, Lincolnshire, and Raasay ironstones, and full descriptions are given of their geology, mode of occurrence, and chemical composition, the numerous tables of analyses being particularly valuable. Finally, Dr. A. Strahan, Director of the Geological Survey, has recently issued his annual report, in which he presents very interesting estimates of the quantity of iron ore that may fairly be assumed to exist in the various deposits. This is a summary of an extensive series of investigations upon British iron-ore deposits which the Geological Survey has been recently conducting, the detailed reports upon which are being awaited with much interest. It constitutes a portion of the very valuable *Special Reports on the Mineral Resources of Great Britain* the first volume of which was issued in November, 1915; in the introduction to this volume Dr. Strahan has set out clearly the object of these reports and their economic significance.

The present report summarizes as follows the iron-ore resources of Great Britain under two heads: (*a*) reserves more or less developed, and (*b*) probable additional reserves. The figures are:

| | (*a*) Tons | (*b*) Tons |
|---|---|---|
| Hæmatites, etc..... | 42,500,000 | 75,000,000 |
| Mesozoic ores..... | 1,775,052,160 | 2,104,886,000 |
| Clay-ironstones and blackbands ..... | 1,065,637,000 | 6,248,475,600 |

Dr. Strahan says that the estimates are 'framed in a cautious spirit,' and this statement may readily be accepted. Indeed, as regards the last class, the figures are palpably underestimated; thus the probable additional reserves are given as about 6,250,000,000 tons, of which four fifths are credited to South Wales and Monmouthshire, the coalfield which Dr. Strahan probably knows best. There is no reason to suppose that the other British coalfields fall so far short of South Wales in iron contents as collectively to contribute only one fifth of the whole, and in some cases the figures are clearly wrong. For instance, for the whole of the great northern coalfield he gives only 1,500,000 tons, apparently taking the Redesdale area alone, while Durham is not even mentioned. Yet such ironstones were worked extensively at Shotley Bridge and other places in the Derwent Valley, as well as at Waldridge Fell, Urpeth, Birtley, Tow Law, and other

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points in the county of Durham, while in Northumberland they were worked at Wylam and Lemington in the extreme south of the county, and at places so far apart as Haltwhistle, Hareshaw, Redesdale, and Brinkburn. There is no evidence whatever that the ironstone was worked out at any of these places, but quite the contrary, and there is at least a probability that it underlies the entire coalfield, though whether it will ever prove to be workable is another question; Dr. Strahan, however, points out that he is 'concerned only with the quantities that exist,' quite apart from their workability. It must, indeed, be admitted that this part of the question is one of scientific rather than of economic interest, and in any case the full reports are not yet available, though it is to be hoped that they soon will be. All contributions to our knowledge of our own mineral resources are of the greatest value to the nation at the present time.

**Nature**

## GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DRINK PROBLEM

Two books which have recently appeared come as an important and a timely contribution to reconstruction studies. The transitional period is proving already, as it must, a time of vexation and even hardship. In the irksome drudgery of detail, in the searching tests of individual sincerity which accompany the first advances toward the new order, we risk losing the fine imaginative spirit of yesterday. We risk losing the promise and the achievement of war together. The danger is nowhere more evident than in the drink question, itself the key-problem of reconstruction. The first constructive step in its solution has yet to be taken. Meanwhile a policy of relapse by way of piecemeal changes is haltingly pursued. It is the business of every thinking man or woman to escape from the confusion in which this lack of principle is plunging the prospects of settlement. The public must consider for itself, first, what has been actually achieved, and, secondly, how and in what permanent and progressive form those achievements can be realized. In these two aspects the case could not be more fairly presented than in the Rev. Henry Carter's *Control of the Drink Trade*, and Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's *State Purchase of the Liquor Trade*.

The new edition of Mr. Carter's book completes to April of this year his account of State treatment of the liquor traffic in war time, and contains much valuable new material. In this accurate and dispassionate record of fact it is important to trace again the steps by which the State, with no purpose of 'reform,' was forced into a policy of control. Action developed as the needs developed. The high-water mark was reached at Carlisle, where, since restriction failed by itself to cope with a critical situation, the State undertook completely the manufacture and sale of drink over a large special area. The success of scientific restriction in regard to conditions and hours of sale, even before the Food Controller imposed restrictions on liquor output, is proved by an unprecedented decrease in drunkenness and in the crimes and diseases associated with alcohol. Space forbids quotation. The statistical results, which Mr. Carter has clearly tabled, admit of only one opinion on the efficiency of control in the interests of sobriety, health, and efficiency. By contrast, it is worth remarking that the Food Controller's 'concessions' this year have been immediately reflected by a rise of over 35 per cent in the convictions for drunkenness.

The past four years have supplied

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us, as it were by accident, with the store of new information and experience which Mr. Carter handles. Obviously the drink question now stands where it never stood before. Total prohibition is not within the realm of possibilities, nor is renewal of the *status quo ante bellum*. Public opinion would accept neither. Within these two extremes full national control of the drink trade must be secured if the war dividend of social progress is to be maintained. The present machinery of control is a temporary expedient. It must be recast on a more democratic basis. But primarily a broad question of principle has to be settled. How is full national control to be secured? The answer may be given in negative form first. It cannot be secured while public opinion is not free to govern directly the conditions under which drink is made and sold. To quote Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell: the State's 'avowed intention is to restrict the sale and consumption of alcohol; but it attempts to do this by placing the conduct of the traffic in the hands of those whose sole interest in it is the motive of private gain! Could anything be more irrational and absurd?' Certainly nothing could be. The free judgment of the country is fettered by the private trader in drink. Every attempt at reform is resisted tooth and nail by him, because it is bound to traverse his pecuniary interest. He is by the inevitable force of circumstances an active obstacle to progress. And for this the State itself, by its self-contradictory method of control, is largely responsible.

Democratic control, then, of the drink traffic, will not be possible before the private trader and his profits are eliminated. Till then, in addition, we shall endure the astounding wastefulness of the present licensing and excise system and the highly disagreeable feature of a private interest organized as a powerful political force. In Mr. Bonar Law's words, 'The only real chance of temperance reform in this country is some system of disinterested management.' From this indisputable standpoint Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell develop a lucid and convincing plea for State purchase. Public control is only obtainable by public ownership. Carlisle is a classic example in fact. Direct control in that area was forced upon the Control Board by the sheer failure of indirect control. It was not a matter of making restriction more severe, but of giving force to the restrictions which existed. The authors examine the results of the Carlisle experiment, which may also be studied in detail in Mr. Carter's book. Practical experience for the first time in Britain has shown that the State as purveyor of liquor can supply all the usual requirements of the consumer, without exploiting him, without offering him any inducement to drink by the medium of trade customs or advertisements, more efficiently and more economically than the private trader can. 'To wipe out what has been accomplished and to hand back the trade (in the Carlisle area) to private interests would be worse than folly; it would be a social crime. The State is in possession; it must continue in possession and merge a local freedom into a larger policy of national release.' This must be the trend of all thoughtful minds. Objections as to the practicability of State purchase are amply met by the unanimously favorable reports of the committees which considered it during the war. It is clearly practicable. As an investment it offers a definite improvement, financial as well as social, on the present revenue system and better value for his money to the consumer.

The Observer

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# TALK OF EUROPE

A FRENCH journalist has been to see Von Kluck, the *âme damnée* of the first Battle of the Marne. He writes: 'Desirous of knowing the opinion of a leader of the old imperial army, I sought the Marshal in his home at Wilmersdorf, one of the suburbs of Berlin. In spite of the professorial air given him by a black frock coat, the hard lines of his face, his short, bristly moustache, and military carriage reveal him as a soldier. Along the wall of his study is to be seen a series of photographs of the early days of the war, snapshots of the grand triumphal march *Nach Paris*, and here is one showing the general on horseback close by the side of the ex-emperor. On a table lie several German books dealing with the first battle of the Marne. Our conversation, naturally enough, begins with that subject. The general talks placidly, and quite without bitterness, of his adversaries. "Marshal Joffre — what is he doing?" And after having listened attentively to my answer he exclaims with a convinced accent, "He is a noble man (*ein edler mann*). His great merit lies in having been wise enough to fall back until the right moment. That was a real decision! In 1913, when I was a visitor at the army manœuvres in Provence, I was much struck by General Joffre's qualities of leadership. And General Maunoury whom I had facing me, what of him? I should so like to discuss the matter with him; there are certain details I would give much to learn about." The general goes on to talk of the battle. Since he points out all of the difficulties which, because of the length of their line of communications, the Germans endured, I venture to ask him when it was that he discovered that there were French troops on his right flank. "The 4th of September, in the evening," he replies, "we had some presentiment of such a situation from the reports of our patrols — but the actual contact came in the morning of the 5th with a sudden attack of French soldiers. In five minutes," adds the General, "a decision to retreat had been taken and the orders given." The General, who has just finished writing his memoirs, attributes the defeat not only to the element of surprise but also to the bad battle positions of the German troops. He mentioned that he had warned Von Moltke of these dangers three times before the battle.

'The General ended with a pessimistic note on Bolshevism, and declared that the relics of European civilization must band together in an attempt to crush the "corsairs." Such a programme, he thinks might result in the formation of a real European *bloc* which might later become "The United States of Europe."'

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ANOTHER review of Arnold Bennett's *Judith* has come to hand which we reprint for the sake of its contrast with the review which has already appeared. The critic of the *New Witness* entitles his analysis 'Bible According to Bennett' and goes on to say

'Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Judith* at the Kingsway Theatre is in no respect superior to the dramatic story in the Revised Version of the Apocrypha, but it is, naturally, much more topical. "She makes my backbone melt" and "I do not like the look of his phiz," are expressions which were probably not used in Judæa under the Kaiserlik of Nebuchadnezzar. These selections from the dialogue convey the whole pitch of the play, whose colors run to Bakst, and whose religious dances take their step from the Russian Ballet in *The Good-Natured Ladies*. As Bagoas, the eunuch, Mr. Ernest Thesiger revives the atmosphere of *The Green Carnation* and *Sinister Street*. Mr. Bennett has got hopelessly mixed up in the characterization of Ozias, Governor of Bethulia and claimant for the hand of the widow Judith. Mr. Campbell Gullan does his best with the part, but he is a brave man struggling



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against bad psychology. Mr. Bennett's Ozias is, by turns, Julius Cæsar, George Lansbury, Brutus, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Pecksniff. Mr. Geoffrey Douglas makes the converted Assyrian, Achior, a pigeon without gall, a sentimental teacher of a village Sunday school. The comedy part of Haggith (sounds like a Scotch lisp for a savory mess) is played by Miss Esme Hubbard in a luscious Cockney vein. She has the impudence of a Neil Lyons hussy. Mr. Claude King renders Holofernes as a fashionable portrait painter suffering from nervous excitement. There is but one character in the play, and without her *Judith* would be the laughing-stock of London. Miss Lillah McCarthy is superb in the title rôle. If the Judith of Biblical history were as richly endowed as Lillah McCarthy with beauty and glamour, there is small wonder why Holofernes lost his head while drinking. Even if sober, he would have found her subjugating. My colleague, Mr. Archibald Haddon, of the *Sunday Express* is shocked by Judith's nudity. His blushes are ill-founded. Miss McCarthy is not "Phryne in her beauty bare," but a noble woman moulded in chastity. Her elocution is all pure gold and silver. She is a figure of nobility and enchantment. Her acting throughout is in the grand manner. When she strikes hard at Holofernes with her dagger, one almost feels the fierce stab of the knife, as compared with Miss Marie Lohr's weak and aimless blow in *Victory*. This performance raises Miss Lillah McCarthy to a first place among the actresses of our time. If she has not genius, she has an intellectuality as an actress which will conquer every limitation. Mr. Arnold Bennett owes an eternal debt to his leading lady whose very presence on the stage suppresses a laughter which, I assume, Mr. Bennett was not aiming for when he turned the story of Judith and Holofernes into something approaching a Criterion farce blended with a Drury Lane pantomime.'

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Some out-of-the-way information of the kind that one finds in French eighteenth century memoirs, has been printed about the Kaiser and Amerongen. The speaker is a kinsman of Count Bentinck's. Talking to a French visitor, he says, 'Count Bentinck is, through his mother, of German origin. Moreover, he owes a certain debt to the Emperor for having facilitated the entrance of one of his sons into the Imperial Marine Corps. Count Bentinck has a brother who lives nearby, in the château of Zuytenstein, this brother is a real German, a former captain of the imperial guard, and married to the Countess of Waldech-Pyrmont. The *milieu* is decidedly German.

'All kinds of apocryphal anecdotes have been told of the Kaiser's stay at Amerongen. The truth is simplicity itself. I, myself, have often had the room which he now occupies. It is on the first floor; a square room, by no means vast. The bed is in the Louis XIV style with hangings of old green velvet. To one side there is a little salon which the Kaiser uses as his study. For furniture — a few old chests, some porcelain, some tapestries. Each room has two windows from which the park and the pond can be seen. Silence reigns all about. The Empress, too, has a suite of two rooms, somewhat larger, I believe, than the Emperor's.

'The château has never been really any too comfortable. They have neither gas nor electricity, for Count Bentinck has always wished to preserve the rustic air of his dwelling. Every morning — the Bentincks are fervent Calvinists — there is a religious service held at the Château; the ex-emperor, without doubt, attends it.

'The park is prettier than the house, and very well maintained. Two bridges lead to it, for the house is surrounded by a moat.

'The Kaiser has expressed a desire to buy an estate at Roederhof in Guelderland. But the Government has objected to it, because the place is too near the frontier.'

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An article in the *Deutsche Zeitung* on April 23 and 24, entitled 'The Navy and the Revolution,' by Admiral z. D. von Grapow, describes once again the beginning of the revolution in the navy, caused by idleness and dearth. He blames chiefly the later classes, many of whom had not completed their training, for the revolutionary

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outbreak. He then describes the development of affairs in the navy after the armistice. He continues:

'When the armistice was concluded, the most shameful event in war history took place, the handing over of our fleet to the enemy; and our navy, which for the past thirty years had been the pride of every right-thinking German, ceased to exist.

'The agitators, trained by the "Independents" Barth and Haase, spread over the whole Empire in their blue sailors' dress. The men whom they led away expressed their pride in the fact that the "blue-jackets" had been the first to break their oath of allegiance to the Emperor, who had loved them and done so much for them for 30 years. They were able to gain the ear of the soldiers returning from the front, and in this way the celebrated *Volksmarinedivisionen* were formed. The sailor's dress became typical of revolution, to our shame be it confessed! That the navy, as such, had nothing in common with these revolutionaries is proved by the development of the situation in the naval garrisons. The *Volksmarinedivisionen* and revolutionary sailors inclined more and more toward the Spartacist elements, and were imitated in this by many of the garrisons and Soldiers' Councils. These revolutionary elements, especially in Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven, were supported by the "53d Committee," which was then sitting on the *Riechsmarineamt*, the members of which received 1,000 marks per month (a sum they had themselves fixed with considerable satisfaction), until at the beginning of March it was compulsorily dissolved. The more unruly spirits gradually disappeared to Bremen, Hamburg, Brunswick, and the strike districts. In Wilhelmshaven, Bremerhaven, and especially in Kiel, more moderate councils prevailed, though Cuxhaven remained a fortress of the Independent Socialists. Gradually the better spirit, which still ruled thousands of German sailors, prevailed, and after the agitators had betaken themselves to the interior of the country, the officers and warrant officers, etc., regained their old influence, and it was decided to work together for the reëstablishment of law and order under the present government. The ships had gone, dismissal threatened thousands of men, who had no desire for their discharge. Many of the naval officers, engineers, cadet officers, and midshipmen joined the Volunteer Corps. Many preferred not to wear the blue naval uniform, and clothed themselves in the gray German uniforms or in mufti. In Courland an assault company was formed solely consisting of naval officers and cadet officers; this formation has suffered heavy losses during the fighting of the last few months. Captain Röhr formed the "Iron Naval Brigade" (now under other command), which consists solely of officers, warrant officers, and professional petty officers. This Brigade drove the notorious *Volksmarinedivisionen* from the Admiralty in Berlin, in March, and recently helped to restore law and order in Magdeburg. As they returned from that town in their steel helmets and field-gray uniforms, an old petty officer remarked sorrowfully, "We can no longer wear blue, as that uniform has been dishonored." In Kiel the Naval Brigade commanded by Korvettenkapitän von Löwenfeld, has been formed, and in Wilhelmshaven the Ehrhardt Brigade, consisting solely of naval men. The best proof that these formations are to be trusted is the fact that these three brigades are to be embodied in one division commanded by the East African hero, von Lettow-Vorbeck. In Silesia, the Commander of the famous auxiliary cruiser, Möwe, is engaged in forming the Dohna Volunteer Corps, and Kapitän z. See Röhr is establishing the Schleswig-Holstein Volunteer Corps. As a special detachment, the Lüttwitz Corps forms a guard for the waterways of the Spree, Havel, and Elbe, under the command of Captain Isendahl, with a flotilla of motor-boats. They were of great service in Magdeburg. Kapitänleutnant von Bothmer is establishing a flotilla of well-found vessels to guard the food ships on the Lower Weser and the Elbe. In the old home of our fleet, too, the North Sea and the Baltic, there is some activity. Korvettenkapitän Lass has gathered together an "iron flotilla" of eleven torpedo boats, for the purpose of policing and guarding those waters, and which flies the old war flag.

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'Finally, in the Baltic and the North Sea a flotilla of mine sweepers has been formed, under the command of the Admiralty, which has undertaken the dangerous task of clearing away the mine fields. The task of these men is being accomplished in silence, but with energy and decision. May they to some slight extent obliterate the blot on the escutcheon of our poor navy, although our shield will, unfortunately, never again regain its former lustre; the Social Democrats have taken good care of that!'

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Lovers of England would surely regret to miss so lovely a picture as Professor Santayana's *Grisaille* which appears in a current *Athenæum*.

'England is preëminently a land of atmosphere. A luminous haze permeates everywhere, softening distances, magnifying perspectives, transfiguring familiar objects, harmonizing the accidental, making beautiful things magical and ugly things picturesque. Road and pavement become wet mirrors, in which the fragments of this gross world are shattered, inverted, and transmuted into jewels, more appealing than precious stones to the poet, because they are insubstantial and must be loved without being possessed. Mists prolong the most sentimental and soothing of hours, the twilight, through the long summer evenings and the whole winter's day. In these countrysides so full of habitations and these towns so full of verdure, lamplight and twilight cross their rays; and the passers-by, mercifully wrapped alike in one crepuscular mantle, are reduced to unison and simplicity, as if sketched at one stroke by the hand of a master.

'English landscape, if we think only of the land and the works of man upon it, is seldom on the grand scale. Charming, clement, and eminently habitable, it is almost too domestic, as if only home passions and caged souls could live there. But lift the eyes for a moment above the line of roofs or of tree-tops, and there the grandeur you miss on the earth is spread gloriously before you. The spirit of the atmosphere is not compelled, like the god of pantheism, to descend in order to exist, and wholly to diffuse itself among earthly objects. It exists absolutely in its own person as well, and enjoys in the sky, like a true deity, its separate life and being. There the veil of Maya, the heavenly Penelope, is being woven and rent perpetually, and the winds of destiny are always charmingly defeating their apparent intentions. Here is the playground of those early nebulous gods that had the bodies of giants and the minds of children.

'In England the classic spectacle of thunderbolts and rainbows appears but seldom; such contrasts are too violent and definite for these tender skies. Here the conflict between light and darkness, like all other conflicts, ends in a compromise; cataclysms are rare, but revolution is perpetual. Everything lingers on and is modified; all is luminous and all is gray.

'*G. Santayana.*'

# THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Prince Lichnowsky** was the last Ambassador of the German Empire to Great Britain. His reputation is that of a liberal statesman.

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**Sir George Buchanan,** on the other hand, was the last British Ambassador to the Russian Imperial Court, and is better fitted than any other man living to deal with the subject which he has presented in his paper.

**J. Hessen** is a prominent journalist now attached to the *Dagens Nyheter.* The article here reprinted forms one of a series now appearing in that journal.

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**Franz Behrens** is a member of the National Assembly and President of the Central Association of German Foresters, Agricultural Laborers, and Vineyard Workers.

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## SILVER-BADGED WAITER

BY LOUIS GOLDING

Poor trussed-up lad, what piteous guise
Cloaks the late splendor of your eyes,
Stiffens the fleetness of your face
Into a mask of suave disgrace,
And makes a sleek caricature
Of your taut body's swift and sure
Poise like a proud bird waiting one
Moment ere he taunt the sun;
Your body that stood foolish-wise
Against the treacheries of the skies,
That star-like hung deliberate
Above the dubieties of Fate,
But with an April gesture chose
Unutterable and certain woes?

And now you stand with discreet charm,
Dropping a napkin round your arm,
Anticipate your tip while you
Hear the commercial grocers chew;
You shuffle with their soups and beers
Who held at heel the howling fears:
You whose young limbs were proud to dare
Challenge the black hosts of Despair.

The New Witness

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## LEENANE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

Ah, sure, what matter if the rain fell down?
The same soft rain washed clean the hills and skies.
There is no rain now in this dusty town —
Rainy Leenane! Sure, it was Paradise!

Och, sure, what ailed it though the wind blew strong?
Crying down the valley from the Eagle's Nest
I would n't mind the wind — it's long and long
I'm crying for Leenane and the wet West.

Who'd mind the rain? When all the purple hills
Ran down in beauty to the water's edge.
And all the air was loud with singing rills
With pools o' rain under the fuchsia hedge.

There's some that do be dying of the heat:
The children here are faint as withered flowers
I'd like to see them paddling with bare feet
In the wet grass when Leenane's drenched in showers.

Leenane, I'll not forget you night or day.
You trouble me all day and in my dreams
I do be traveling home to Killery Bay
And sweet Leenane and all its singing streams.

The New Witness

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## YOUR FACE TO ME

BY IRIS TREE

Your face to me is like a beautiful city
Dreaming forever by the rough wild sea,
And I the ship upon a wilderness of waves
Heavily laden with memories. . . .
I roam all over the earth
Making rhymes of you, and singing songs,
Because your face will never let me rest,
Because I cannot frame it in a star
Surrounded with my cloudy reveries,
Because I may not pluck it like a flower
To breathe the incense of its perfumed soul —
Your face is like the carved hilt of a sword
Whose sheath is in my breast!

The Nation



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